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THE ORGAN GRINDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

MORNING.

His sunbrown face and his sharp black eyes
To'd of a home 'neath Italian skies,
A home in the east, where the golden rays
Shone brightly once on his youthful days;
A home so fair that the flowers bloom
Forever and shed a sweet perfume,
And the scented breezes at close of day
Waft sweet breezes for miles away.
Why did he leave in his manhood prime
The genial air of his sunny clime
To roam about in a western land
And swell the ranks of the beggar band?
His well shaped form it was never made
To trudge that box, all his stock in trade,
Nor is that hand, with its swollen veins,
The one to grind out the "Norma" strains;
He looks about with a wistful glance
To catch the pennies that come by chance
And when it thinks he has play'd enough
He earns the price of a pinch of snuff.
Alas, poor man, you have miss'd your mark,
The road you've taken is very dark,
And fortune, viewed in an olden dream,
Is hard to grasp as a sunlight beam.

NIGHT.

In a cellar damp, on some back street,
A "Sailor's Home" or the tramp's retreat,
He fetches up as the darkness falls
And posts himself 'gainst its gloomy walls;
The seamen jokes as they drink in beer,
The den resounds with a lusty cheer
As each old "soaker" relates some tale
With all the force of a no least sale.
But what is this to the organ man,
The outcast here in a stranger land?
So into bed on a scanty meal,
He leaves the crowd to their drunken reel.
The night winds wake not Italia's son,
For he is dreaming of some sweet one—
A wife, perhaps, and six children fair.
Far, far away from their father's care;
He sees them play in the olive bow'rs,
Their heads all deck'd with the orange flow'rs;
He hears the patter of little feet
About his home at the hill-side sweet;
But to morrow he'll awake once more
And he'll journey on from door to door,
Again to say, when he counts his till,
The organ grinder's a beggar still.

Providence, R. I.

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

CHAPTER I.

It was late in December when I joined Bedlow's company at the Theatre Royal, Pentingham. I had been in London for three weeks unoccupied, and the new engagement was not only meat and drink, but very good lodgings and plenty of enjoyment besides. Agreeable to my taste, I had got a room to myself, and soon fitted it up in my usual fashion. This was to place six valuable portraits, respectively, of Mr. Edmund Kean, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., an American melo-dramatic actor; Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Edwin Forrest and Lord Byron, in a cluster about a large picture of the last scene in the last act of "All's Well That Ends Well," painted by F. Wheatley, of the Royal Academy, and engraved by the Brothers Facine; and to scatter my books over an *etagere*. I am very fond of living by myself, being of a thoughtful turn of mind, and my apartments on the last floor was sure to be an encouragement to that disposition.

I have made it a point, so far in life, to never become intimate with any one, and I may say without jesting that all my friends are the merest strangers. My fellow performers, wherever I go, set me down as a person with a murder on his mind, and my landlady invariably take me to be a young gentleman of good family, who, having joined the strollers and become discarded at home, stands at last repentant. I have some peculiar ideas of my way of the world, and, like several other philosophers, with whose lucubrations I am in a slight degree familiar, I think I could remodel society decidedly to its advantage. Fortunately, perhaps, I have never had an opportunity of putting any of my speculations on trial, and am not qualified to state whether they would be acceptable to other people or not. By the two or three persons to whom they have been mentioned during the course of my existence, they were not. I must frankly confess, received with an extraordinary amount of enthusiasm. In fact, to be more open still, I must add that these persons seemed to have a less exalted opinion of my intellectual faculties afterwards than at any time before, and on more than one occasion I have heard myself unreservedly mentioned as having considerable resemblance to the description of an unfortunate maniac at that time advertised for, as having escaped from my country lunatic asylum. So, lately, I have kept my thoughts to myself, and when I joined Bedlow, was looked upon as nothing more alarming than a singular character.

It is not worth while, I think, to enter into more than the briefest possible history of my life. I was born in a little village in New Hampshire, United States of America, of honest parents, and spent my childhood on my father's farm. But, as was also the case with the distinguished Mr. George Frederick Cooke, a company of traveling players gave me an early taste for the stage, and some amateur experiences bred it to such proportions that I very soon had no taste for anything else. My relatives remarked this unfortunate choice with much dismay, and when I finally told them that I had made an engagement with a company of actors to go out with them in their next season, my relations upbraided me with tears in their eyes and begged me not to do it. I was equally impregnable, however, to solicitations and threats, and when the day came for departure I bade them all good bye, and set upon my road with the light heart that confidence never fails to inspire. I wandered from place to place for years, gradually rising in my profession; and upon my twenty-second birth day was surprised by the offer of an engagement in one of the English provincial theatres, which I immediately accepted, and crossed the sea. After playing with my new-found fellows for the time agreed upon, I went to London, and was not there three weeks before I accepted another offer and went down to join Bedlow in Pentingham. His was what is termed a first class company, being composed of only seven persons, including myself, who had contracted to lead the business. I am not anything of a comedian, high or low, and I feel, with some chagrin, upon my arrival, that I would not be able to enhance my reputation a very great deal, and was almost sorry that I had come. Still it would be easy work after a week or so, in which time I expected to get "up" in all the parts falling to my share in the company's business, and I determined that I would not withdraw unless I failed to give satisfaction.

Upon occupying my room I sent notice to Mr. Bedlow of my arrival, and in reply received the usual call to rehearsal, and the parts of Plumper, in "Cool as a Cucumber," and Bagshaw in "Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw." With these I was occupied until the next morning, when at the proper time I went around to the theatre. I was on the stage in which position the company assembled, and was introduced to them severally. I glanced rapidly at each face upon shaking hands and looked twice at only one—that of Mr. John Talbot, who was engaged for the walking-gentlemen. It was remarkable for the large, piercing blue eyes, which glared from under a stout forehead, and for a set expression of the square, wide mouth, which proclaimed at once of a company for indulgence and a stubborn narrow-mindedness not very likely to be agreeable.

"Ready! clear away!" shouted Mr. Bennett, the stage manager, seated at his little table near the footlights and looking over his newspaper. "Try the 'Cucumber' first. Mr. Vandeleur and Miss Beverly, you commence the scene, I believe."

I looked around for Miss Beverly, but she was not visible. Presently I heard some one approaching through the darkness and from among the flats, and when that person arrived into the twilight of the rings I saw a pretties woman I ever met in my life. With a rapturous little round face, such a dear little nose, refreshness to absolute gaudiness; such bright blue eyes never existed before out of a picture. I, like a great goose, stood staring at the heart and was thinking of Mahomet's Paradise, when a cruel voice startled me with—

"Ready, Mr. Vandeleur, we haven't all day to wait."

"Oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Bennett, I'm sure. Miss Beverly, it's our scene, I believe; you go first."

On we went together and began the rehearsal. How expertly I listened for the first tones of the fairy's voice. When they came they were sweet as the song of birds in summer. I forget now how the speeches ran, but they were lively and quite to my taste. Being pretty familiar with my lines I gave my attention almost entirely to Miss Beverly. As we rattled through our dialogue I wondered who she could be; whether her name was really Beverly, how long she had been an actress, and, finally, if she was in love with any one. She looked like a lady, it was certain. An expanse is usually vulgar; but there was refinement in every feature, in every action of the one. She couldn't wear pantaloons in a burlesque and look like an elegant, high-bred, to her name being Beverly, that was doubtful. I easily recalled seven or eight Beverlys I had met before—all unacquainted with each other—and, in short, it was a stock noun. It was very clear that the fairy had not been on the stage long. She acted well enough—that is to say, bewitchingly enough—but she was not at all mechanical or stagey, as all performers after a while become. But she certainly might be in love. If so, with whom? Well, thanks to my fortune, I had some good "business" with her in the piece, especially where Plumper pretends to be pulling the maid's teeth. How I longed for the inevitable time!

The rehearsal went smoothly. When the "Cucumber" was finished I left the stage and took a seat in the proscenium entrance, where I found Mr. Talbot.

"Who is this Miss Beverly?" I asked, in the most nonchalant manner.

He partly closed his cruel eyes and answered that she was the soubrette. His manner was strikingly disagreeable, and I thought I should not like him.

"Yes, I know that; but how comes she here?"

"I am unable to give you her history." This was delivered in a very sarcastic tone, and I immediately began to draw my inferences. "This fellow is in love with her," thought I. "If there's a chance I'll worry him a little."

I had no chance for anything during the rehearsal. I looked love out of my eyes every time they met those of Miss Beverly, but I could obtain no conversation with her. Before going away, however, I noticed that Mr. Talbot accompanied her home.

At night I posted to the theatre betimes and dressed for Plumper as quickly as possible. The character calls for the most stylish costuming of which its performer is capable, and I decked myself so as to fill every requirement of that kind; and, indeed, I think no one could have looked better. I was fla-by enough in all conscience. When Mr. Bennett called me to the stage I looked about me eagerly for Miss Beverly. I found her in the wing, made up for the saucy servant, and more charming than ever. Putting on my most becoming air, I strolled negligently over to her and bowed. "Have you done this before?" I asked.

"Do you mean have we done the piece? O, yes! quite often." To see her sparkling eyes and hear her voice was quite near supreme felicity.

"Fun in it, isn't there?"

"There used to be for me; but I am getting so perfectly *blase* that it has lost its effect altogether. I feel like I had been playing a thousand years." Think of this, this creature feeling old!

"The dulled edge of sated appetite, Miss Beverly. You shouldn't talk of age. If it's not impertinent, how long have you been in the profession?"

"Only a year; and yet, I assure you, I feel as if it were a century."

I wondered if this kind of talk was affectation. Be that as it might, it was so prettily sustained that I could have listened forever. I rejoined, with a smile, that I hoped she would not imbibe such further disgust as to cause her to forsake her art altogether.

"There's no fear of that, Mr. Vandeleur," said she.

Of course I then judged she had no other resource. I looked at my part, not being able to think of any other remark to make at the moment, and she began to arrange her curls. I felt encouraged by her manner toward me, and dram quite free to confess that I believed she would receive my addresses if I chose to tender them. But marriage is not merely a day's frolic. Turning to her again, I asked:—

"Don't you hate such parts as you have this evening?"

She answered, but I was too much occupied with the apparition of Mr. Talbot in the opposite wing closely observing us to hear what the reply was. He leaned upon the painted canvas and scowled malignantly. The attitude, as might have been expected of an actor, was very melo-dramatic; but there was nothing unreal about the hatein stare of the eyes. I am not much of a coward, I think; but I reflected that Mr. Talbot would not be a pleasant customer to meet in the dark if he thought me his enemy, and I shuddered. He looked like a furtive assassin at any time and was more devilish now than ever. I would not have such eyes and such a forehead—smooth and prominent for the brand of blood—in exchange for a kingdom I mused. Had Miss Beverly seen him yet? Her face was bright as ever, she displayed no agitation, but she was shrewd enough to know how to hide her emotions if necessary. I did not understand her well enough as yet to be able to tell when she wore a mask. So my conjectures came to no conclusion.

Then the orchestra commenced the *M'appari* from "Martha."

"The overture's on!" said Miss Beverly, arranging her dress hastily.

Presently Mr. Bennett shouted, "All ready to begin!" There was a rush to places, a quick examination of every thing connected with the approaching performance, and in five minutes the music ceased.

The bell sounded and up went the curtain. I looked about for Miss Beverly, who was to go on with me. She had been standing at my back only a moment before, but now she was gone!

"Where is Miss Beverly?" I asked the stage manager.

What was I to do? "Where is Miss Beverly?" I asked of a carpenter who stood near.

"The stage waits!" cried voices behind the scenery. The audience began to stamp impatiently.

"I shall do the scene without her," was my resolve at last, and stepping forth I commenced a soliloquy of my own composition. The people in front received me very coldly, because they took the bauk to be my fault. However, I rattled on in the merriest vein, scarcely conscious of what I was saying, and keeping an eye continually on the entrance from which I expected Miss Beverly. Just as my invention was growing exhausted she emerged upon the stage. At the same moment I discerned in the wing the figure of Mr. Talbot.

The fairy, I could plainly see, was in some agitation. Both anger and distress showed plainly upon her countenance, and she was too pre-occupied, it seemed, to know how to take up the unexpected cue given by my alteration of the piece. Presently she apprehended, and, after a few speeches, we fell into the regular dialogue already rehearsed.

When you see an actor playing with good spirit it is no indication that he is especially attentive to what he is about. Often when he appears most absorbed his mind is farthest away. So it was with me. I acted "Plumper" famously, but almost forgetful of every surrounding. I was wondering, instead, what could have detained Miss Beverly, why she finally appeared in such agitation, and whether Mr. Talbot had anything to do with it.

The farce continued. "Old Barkins" came on, and together we raised many a laugh. Then succeeded "Miss Honiton." I remembered, while talking with her, that the business of kissing her maid was soon to be enacted. After a while I had some exciting dialogue with "Young Barkins"—played heavily by Mr. Talbot—and then the Fairy and I were alone in the scene together again. She fell into my arms. I bent over her and inhaled her sweet breath, and was just in the act of imparting a salute upon her lips when she whispered, "Do not kiss me, please."

Involuntarily I drew back. Why had she spoken of the matter at rehearsal if she objected to my embrace? and wherefore did she object? "Old Barkins" entered—the audience laughed at my apologetic speech, which, by the way, had no point in it in this instance—and we all changed our situations.

Of what took place afterwards on this night it is not necessary to speak particularly. I had nothing to do with the Fairy off the stage for various reasons, but did not fail to observe her closely and to notice at the same time the vigilant glances directed to the same quarter by Mr. John Talbot.

When I went home I thought over the whole matter. It was obvious, to begin with, that Mr. Talbot felt a very special interest in Miss Beverly, and that he had great influence over her actions. What could be the secret of his power? She did not seem to have any strong affection for him in return, and that proved at once, I argued, untainted horror. It, besides, made it quite as apparent that they were not privately married. There was then some mystery. I resolved upon commencing an investigation the next day. True, it was none of my business to inquire into her private affairs, but I felt so decided a sympathy, not to say strong regard for her, even upon our brief acquaintance, that I could not restrain myself.

CHAPTER II.

On the next morning, at rehearsal, I chanced to have an opportunity for a chat with Mr. Bennett.

"I should have been very indignant with Miss Beverly for playing me trick she did on last night," I remarked.

"I rememher. She kept the stage waiting some time. I've marked the forfeit," answered the director, with the idea of consoling me.

"The audience took me to be in fault. My first appearance, too! She's a clever little girl, though. Do you know anything about her personal history?"

Mr. Bennett shrugged, and replied deprecatingly:—

"She's merely a novice in this business. Talbot obtained her a place in our company to do responsible utilities, and she has been promoted by her own exertions. We like her very well."

"So I perceived. At first I imagined she and Mr. Talbot were married."

"Nothing of that kind, I assure you; though he is acquainted with her history, I believe." So Mr. Bennett ended the dialogue.

Miss Beverly was present, of course. I had half of a notion to go over to her and demand some explanation of her conduct on the night before, but could not permit me to kun her; but she had the right to do as she chose, I reflected, and so I was obliged to put my anger in my pocket. "However, I shall discover if possible the nature of Mr. Talbot's influence," said I—and I set about making inquiries after rehearsal. But not a fact could I gather. The gentlemen of the company really knew nothing of Miss B. at all, and Mrs. Ardour—who was the only lady among us besides herself—was able to supply only rumors and conjectures.

We played through the week to excellent business, and I was beginning to be a favorite. The balk on the first night had nearly ruined me, but conscientious devotion to my art afterwards easily won its reward. Upon the nature of my attempt to investigate the mystery of Miss Beverly's life, I gave up all thoughts of her, and expended my hours in preparing new parts which I might have to play at some future time. Mr. Talbot, however, was reserved and jealous as ever.

On Monday, in my second week, I was rehearsing in the morning Romulus in Howard Payne's play, "Love in Humble Life," in which Miss Beverly played Christine. The stage manager was called away, for some reason or other, in the middle of the piece, and we all, facing each other at the table awaiting his return. I would not open a conversation, because I felt aggrieved at her treatment of me—though really it was a foolish idea upon the whole—and she seemed too much embarrassed to do so. Time was going, however, and I perceived by her nervous manner that she was aware of it. Certainly if she were desirous of a word in private there could never be such a chance again. To myself her anxiety and fright was provoking beyond measure. Possibly I was a little jealous. At last she summoned up resolution enough and, leaning over the table, whispered:—

"I ought to apologize, Mr. Vandeleur, for my ridiculous conduct on your first night here. I kept the stage waiting and—you know, would not—"

"Would not what?"

"Would not come on soon enough," she replied, with a sign of relief. But that was not what she wished to say.

"No apologies, I beg. It was not precisely your fault, was it?" I asked, pointedly.

She colored. "Oh, yes! it was my fault."

"I am sure I thought it was Mr. Talbot's." I said this with set teeth and a bitter sneer.

"Mr. Talbot's fault? Why did you think that?"

"Simply because I noticed from the first the very extraordinary influence he has over you. He doesn't like me too well and would injure me severely if he had the chance. He may have detained you on the night we spoke of in order to spoil the effect of my first appearance before a new audience. He succeeded, you may tell him, if such was his design."

Miss Beverly at once caught the bait thrown out in these words and answered quickly:—

"O, I assure you, he had no such idea!"

"Of course, you know, Miss Beverly. Mr. Talbot keeps nothing from you, I suppose; and you certainly keep nothing from him."

"Why, you would make us very intimate friends, indeed!"

"Yes," said I, mercilessly; "or lovers."

At this point up came Mr. Bennett. Miss Beverly fluttered, not at all at ease. I merely laughed and began to wonder where I had left off in the dialogue of "Romulus."

I came to a resolution on the spot. The sort of thing I most detest—being at sea and your compass washed overboard—a week ago, very nearly, but such never if I could help it. I determined to pursue Miss Beverly with relentless perpose because, to be frank, I was thinking a great deal of her.

I watched my opportunity and when it came during the course of the week, I said very plainly:—

"Miss Beverly, you never have a word for me."

She possessed full command over herself this time and answered coldly:—

"As many as you deserve."

"How is that? Am I of less consequence than all the rest of the world? You talk now and then with even the property boy."

"But you are aware that he does not presume upon it."

"Have I ever been presumptuous?"

"Don't you think you have?"

I noticed her manner upon catching my question and (determined to lose not an inch of my ground) I said very positively:—"Whether I think so is no matter. Do you think I have ever presumed?"

"Let us drop the subject."

"Never until I am satisfied."

"But you have no right to ask me questions." She began to bite her lips in some vexation.

"Take away my power of asking questions," said I, "and I shall never be satisfied."

"Why? Because you think I am not candid enough to relieve your anxiety of my own accord?"

"Perhaps yes and perhaps no. You shall not find out what I think of you—except that I think you changed."

"How changed?" she demanded, with flashing eyes.

I made a gesture of deprecative character and answered slowly:—

"When I was first made acquainted with you I took you to be most delightfully wanting in pride—that is to say, one sort of pride. You talked to me freely. Lately you have become haughty and reserved—distrustful—and you never even give me a passing glance."

She affected the utmost surprise.

"You have known each other two weeks—we have not exchanged, until to-day, ten consecutive sentences—and yet you—you dare to play inquisitor?"

"There is some daring about the matter, I confess."

"What right have you to direct me how I shall act?"

"I pretend to none. I commenced a conversation and you have turned it into a quarrel."

After a long look into my eyes she said, as if in despair: "I do not understand you at all, Mr. Vandeleur."

We were standing before a mirror in the green room. Glancing into it I saw a face over my shoulder. It was Mr. Talbot's. Miss Beverly caught sight of him at the same moment. I was much disturbed. Why did I permit him to follow me and put an end to every attempt to find out the mystery I sought. I began to hate him. He loved her—that was an instant answer to everything! Did I love her too?

"Miss Beverly," said I, "you had better go."

With a frown, she left me. What caused the frown?

How very imperceptibly we had assumed a new relationship! It seemed but yesterday that we were two wandering performers suddenly met, neither much interested in the other, and now we had grown intimate and quarreled. The very quarrel was the one incontrovertible proof of our mutual sympathy—to call it by a term far too insignificant for the occasion. It had also demonstrated beyond question how important Miss Beverly was to me and I to Miss Beverly. Before the scene in the green room there had been only faint silence, and yet, I thought, it said more than any words we might have used. Our quarrel was, in fact, the inevitable sequel to events, never happening with us yet quite supplied all the same, and dropped into the place and filled it. In short, our connection with each other's way had been attracted, had loved and had fallen out. This was really our position. I could now understand, once familiar with the key, the entire puzzle of her acts and conduct. She had been thinking of me, unconsciously, from the beginning; had marked when my love first appeared, when it grew cold, when it grew jealous, and when it took hurt and brushed and, I, striving, as I thought, successfully to banish every idea of the pretty fragment from my mind, had unconsciously cherished her in secret, had noted her apparent neglect, had mated, for her sake, the man who dargied after her, and, finally, worshipping her, had been cruel and disagreeable at the very moment when I should have gone upon my knees.

I leaned upon the table, looking at my haggard face in the glass, and thought over all these things in pain and anger. What should I do next? Where could I find that balm to soothe the wounds my words had dealt? I tried to recall them to my memory, and as they came back in obedience to my efforts every one was merciless and double-edged. They seemed cruelly well chosen now, and I wished my tongue had rotted ere it turned them out. But such bungling words were idle. I must not dream any longer. Well, what else? I would leave the company.

"Do you wish the letter written off for to-night, sir; or have you studied it?" asked a voice suddenly behind me.

I turned and saw the prompter. Comprehending with an effort what he had said, I replied, "I wish it written off, of course."

"You are pretty tired of farces, ain't you, sir?" he demanded cheerily. I think I was quite a favorite with the poor fellow.

"Very, indeed, Job."

"Well, I hear we are to be joined by another company next week, Bedlow's brother's company, and then we'll have some heavy pieces."

"I shall be glad of that." The reply was merely mechanical.

"Mr. Talbot went like it much, sir, will he? He never played such business as falls to him now. He's no actor and he'll lose his parts. He don't fancy you much, sir, does he?" Job's eyes twinkled with much interest.

"Why do you think so, Job?"

"Because I heard him calling you an "unsociable idiot," a "muff" and a "stick" and so on; and saying he'll murder you one of these days if you don't keep away from Miss Beverly. He's sweet on that young lady, sir, ain't he?"

"I believe he is, Job."

"You are not much afraid of him, though, are you, sir?" I think Job imagined me to be very plucky and capable of almost anything in distinctly. He looked at my rather broad chest and strong arms in unconcealed admiration.

"Not very much afraid, Job."

"Well, I must be going, sir, I guess," said the good natured fellow at last, after casting about him awhile for some way out of the conversation; and he left me.

Perhaps upon the advent of the new company my services would be no longer needed. If, however, I was still retained, I determined upon keeping the position only until I could find another equally as good.

The days went wearily by. I saw Miss Beverly for five out of every twenty-four hours, and marked every change upon her face. Alas! she was no longer my fairy—so light-hearted and gay—but she had grown gloomy and morose. I pitied her from my inmost soul, and every time she met my gaze grief was written there in but too plain characters. How I hated the man who stood between us! and he, I must say, returned the feeling cordially.

This, by the by, leads me to remember a slight occurrence which took place just before the advent of the new company. I was particularly passionate in a love scene one night with the woman who left and learned to worship me—and indeed it was quite beyond acting. I noticed during the whole period Mr. Talbot standing in the wing watching us. He wore his usual scowl and looked as murderous as ever. I laughed at his rage, however, and when I came off walked insolently up to him in the hope of provoking a resort to blows. I was mad in those days, I think. He took no notice of my insulting manner, however, and I went away disappointed. On the next day, in the afternoon, a letter came to me with the town postmark. It contained the following warning in a disguised hand:—

"If you value your life cease your attentions to Miss B verly."

And was signed "A Friend."

"I know the author of this!" was my first exclamation. "If Mr. Talbot seeks to frighten me off I will never be gone. He threatens, and, it may be, is not too much of a christian to execute. However, if he means a duel I will fight him with a great deal of pleasure. I feel very reckless indeed at this particular period."

But far from taking the anonymous hint, I was doubly attentive, as far as looks went, to Miss Beverly on our next meeting—but which was that night. But we did not exchange a syllable except behind the footlights. The lamps be ever pra'sed! They have done us much kindness during my career. Often behind their friendly glare have I forgotten my griefs and felt more like a god than a man!

I tried every means to provoke Mr. Talbot to extreme measures, but he merely scowled and took out his spite on the woman in his power. How I longed to find out the secret between them!

On the day before the arrival of the new company, Mr. Bennett said to me:—

"Mr. Vandeleur, when we get our reinforcements you will be expected to share the leading business with Mr. Wrenciffe, who, I believe, is quite a distinguished Irishman."

"With pleasure," I answered. I had no professional jealousy.

"Your salary will continue the same."

"Of course."

"And we do 'Damon and Pythias' on the day after to-morrow, in which you are to play Pythias."

"I shall be prepared, sir."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

The Famous Coquette, and Her Relations with Garrick, as Described by the Letter's Biographer.

At Drury Lane, Garrick found himself associated with his old friend, Macklin, who was deputy-manager, and with that "dallying and dangerous" beauty, Peg Woffington, under whose spells he appears to have fallen as early as 1740. As an actress, she was admirable for the life, the nature and the grace which she threw in to all she did, set off by a fine person, and a face which, as her portrait shows, though not actually pensive in its expression, was capable of blending into pensiveness, or meaning with the sudden and fitful lights of feeling and fancy. She had literally been picked out of the streets of Dublin as a child crying half-penny ballads, and trained by a rope dancer, Mme. Violante, as one of a Hibernian company, in which she figured in such parts as "Captain Macheath." Like Rachel, and many other celebrated women, she contrived, it is hard to say how, to educate herself out of the coarse and vulgar habits in the conversation of my society; and such was her natural grace that she excelled in characters like "Millamant" and "Lady Townley," in which the well bred air of good society was essential. Frank, kindly and impulsive, she had also wit at will to give piquancy to the expression of every independent turn of mind. She never scrupled to avow that she preferred the company of men to women, who "talked," as she said, "of nothing but silks and scandal." The men returned the compliment by being very fond of her company. "Forgive her one female error," said Murphy, "and it might be fairly said of her that she was adorned with every virtue"—a truly modest plea, when it is considered that Peg was but more chaste, and certainly not less mercenary than Horace's Lyrine, to whom, and of whom he was likened in some pointed but very heartless verses of one of her many lovers, Sir Hanbury Williams. "By Jove," she exclaimed, as she ran into the green-room one night from the stage, when she had left the house cheering her exit as "Sir Henry Wildair," they are so much delighted I believe one half of them mean I am a man!" "Madam," rejoined Quin, "the other half, then, has the best reason for knowing to the contrary." But when George Anne felt under her fascinations these frivolities had not been developed, she was then in the bloom of her beauty—and now shone ing that was. We can see from Hogarth's exquisite portrait (in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection), which forms one of the chief attractions of the portrait exhibition now at South Kensington—and, though suitors of wealth and rank surrounded her, genius and youth had probably more charms for her than gold and fine living. Garrick was deeply smitten by her, and he seems for a time to have thought her worthy of an honorable love. For one season he kept house together with her and Macklin, and they were visited by his friends, Johnson and Dr. Hoadley, among the number. It was thought he would marry her; but Peg's aberrations—her "one female terror"—grew too serious. She was in truth, an incurable coquette. It was the old story of Lesbia and Catullus. Garrick's heart was touched, hers was not. It cost him a good many struggles to break his chains, but he broke them at last and left her finally in 1745, to the rakes and fools who were outbidding each other for her favors. He was worthy of a mate; and he was to find one before very long; for in March, 1746 the lady came to England who was to replace his feverish passion for the wayward Woffington, by a devotion which grew stronger and deeper with ever year of his life. This was the fair Eva Maria Veigel, which latter name she had changed for its French equivalent, Violette. She was twenty-one, a dancer, and had come from Vienna with recommendations from the Empress Theresa, who was said to have found her too beautiful to be allowed to remain within reach of the Emperor Frederick!

TALKING SPERY BLACE.—No. 15.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Vas you dere? Vas you dere! Vas you dere? No, olt shmarly, you vasn't, and you don't got any idee vat you missed. You vas going dough, and you ones vexatioued ad der dwelfd hour. I did made uh my mind dot I vas going to had der bleasure of looking you round Philadelphia und showing you der boys, und gating dem a indroducemend to you. Ve'm got a heab of friends in dot blace, Sharley, und of you'd a vent along you'd had a high olt time, I kin insure you. Yes, indeed, olt man, of dere is a blace on dish of dis manbanee afear dot's a bully blace to vent to, der frond name of dot vas Philadelphia. I'm been dere more dimes as I'm got fingers und does on mv dwo hands, und I nefer vas dere on my life dot dey didn'd dry und do efery ding in der vorld for me. I don'd know many beebles dere, mit der exceebshuns of dwo or fife dousand, und ven I shdrike der city I'm generally, as a generally ding, confineaded by a bardy of der best in der blace, und nefer gid away dill I gife der grand kick und shvear dot I must leaf. I dake a heab of comford in dot leedle olt Gwaker City, und no von kin made me bleef dot id don'd vas a goot blace.

Like I to'd you before I vent, Sharley, I vas in Philadelphia to ead some biled shrimbes und dings mit der Rike of dot city, und of you oney god a handful of bashience I vt gid through mit dot all right. I took der railroad cars over in Jersey City Monday night, or, rudder, der cars tooked me, und we vent sailing long like der doose mitond conceding habbening dill ve got to Philadelphia, und dere vas a hole lod of dings habbening, und dey keebed righd shmard on a habbening, doo, all der dime I vas in der blace. Ven I got to der debod dere vas Billy Beirne und John Gorman valding for me mit a vaggon, und dey shundched me und my gribsack und avay ve vent for der Condinendal Hotel. Ad der hoiel ve found Billy Magonigle, Pede Zell, Bob Fraser, Jo Morrie and dwo or dree more, and after I vas fixed up mit a room und kinder got some of der real eadable off my hands und face, what was done someding you nefer do—vashed my feet—I vent down shdairs mit dem, und ve all got outside of someding. I vasn'd in Philadelphia in a good vile before und I had to go und look ad id grow. Well, ve vent all inter, und nidough efery von dinks dot der shairs und shdools ub airly, ve found any gwandidy shobs oben. Dere vasn'd many coaches or vaggons laying round loose und careless Sharley, but ve didn'd had any drouble to found a cab. No, indeedy, ve found ofer a dozen of dem. Dey took me all round, dill long bout four o'clock ve shdrook John G rman's blace, on Shessnud shdreed. Der reason ve vent in dere vas to saw Billy Sadler juggle a boddle of vine. Dot's no use a dalking Sharley, he's olt beaches und blums ven dot comes to shlinging der olt shduff. Ader ve feld dere I vent down to der Condinendal und vent to bed. In der morning, brighd und airly, I vas voke ub by a delegashion of mesk eyed young fellers, each von mit a glass of shambagne in his hand baw, for me to took in as a Union safer of life breserver or something, but I coodn'd see it—fur der very reason vich id vas doo airly enuff in der morning. Vell, sir, if efer a bardy of dese gendlemen dried to made a feller welcome like Bowers in May, dot bardy dried mit me. Dey showed me efery ding dot dey cood show me, und dried to fill me full of efferyding, doo. Ad nighd I vent round to saw Simmons und Sieeum's Minstrels, und ve took seads vay down in frond. Der boys vas awful glat to saw me, und dey cood hardly keb shdill—dey vanted to came down und shook hands mit me. Law Simmons was so excided dot he knock dwo or dree sheigh bells off of his bladderine. Billy Sweatnam kinder gifed his head a exdra dwirl, und Eddie Fox skibbed dwo or dree handfuls of nodes. Slocum, in der mittle, dried to look dickuified, but he vas bad like der rest. No doubds der beebles vondered vat der dooce vas der matder. Ve shdaid dere a leedle vile und shkibbed ofer to Moran und Dixey's, und dere ve found efferyding wery varm. Frank Moran vas blaying magic, und der vay he did varm olt boy Russell, der heard bowed down feller, vas exdenishing. Russell took dings awful easy und liked id so vell like any of dem. Ader der show vas ond ve sailed for der "Banquet." Id vas ofer corn et or Broad und Valnut, und I must say dot it vas a fine blace to had id. Ven ve got dere I found Harry und Hugo O'Neill, Jo Jackson, Jo Norrie, Jo Mortimer, Bob Fraser, George Knight, Wash. Germon, Billy Macenigie, Sammy Burt, Billy Beirne, Eddy Fox, Lew. Simmons, Harrison, Sharley Jones, Heard bowed down Russell, Jimmy Cummings, Billy Sweatnam, Frank Moran and a lod of oder fellers dod I don'd vin dink of just now. Boody soon der gentlemanly secretary of Philadelphia Lodge, Mr. Meekin, comed ub shdairs and says:—"Efery von forwards march to der subber dable!" Sharley, life been a soiger und a fireman, bud I don'd dink I efer seened a order obeyed any gwicker as dot von vas. Ven ve got down shdairs dere vas a sighd dot busded on our gaze dot vas beaudiful to beheld. Old boy Mackin, der secredary, dot gifed der order, shdood der door tooting dickets, und der vay he handled der basdeboards any von might dink dot he vas dere before. Der bresiding officer of Philadelphia Lodge took der heart of der daple, mit Harry O'Neil, der bresident of New York Lodge, on his right hand, den cum dwo or dree oder fellers, den Sammy Burt und den Oofty. I dought dot you vas a poody good eader, but you ought to saw dot Burt—dot feller cot dakes a horse by der dail und vashes him ofer a hurdle und goes after him and der horse running avay doo all der dime. You ought to saw dot raskell eat. My, my, dot vas awful. Vell, after der subber vas ofer, Jo. Jackson pud on der soshial session badge und der daples vas gleared und der fun commenced. I forgot to dell you, Sharley, dot all der dime ve vas ad der daples eading, der mosdly fellers of der lodge, mit Eddy Fox at der head ender, dem vas blaying a hole lod of nice moosic und day done id awful poody, doo. Vell, Billy Sweatnam, Low Simmons, Heart bowed down Russell, Frank Moran, Bob Fraser, Jo. Norrie, Geo. Knight und a few oders dem sung songs. Billy Sweatnam und George Knight den took der cake. Billy sung a dib dob sit man song dot blessed efery body. Geo. Knight has a young feller dot's a blessed shoe to make mark, und of course he vas safe in a dime like dot. Ven dey got done singing I vas nadurally quite powerful, under good control and capable of mesk modulation, in a good dance, and was her some time a pedt of Mona. Cordelia, the well known dancer and medley de feller.

TO A COQUETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Nay, waste not your wiles, my proud beauty,
Nor those glances, so languishing sweet;
I've kissed in my time, so in duty
I'd warn you to be more discreet;
Ave, simple and sweet oh your emotion,
I know every trick of your art,
And there is not a cold stone in the ocean
More frigid and dull than my heart.

Your hair, it is true, is bright golden,
As the first rippling streamer of day,
And the bloom on your cheek is not stolen,
While your eyes sweetest mischief can play;
And your lips may be steeped in sweet nectar
Their presence no heaven to some,
But I'm as cold as a Methodist rector,
And prefer a hotel to a home. OSCAR HAGUE.

A GENUINE PHILOSOPHER.

A TRUE THOUGH TOUGH YARN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Mr. Warren Frere was a remarkable combination of mercantile solidity and social standing. For the first a long list of clients, who put up "margin" per speculation, four heavy bank accounts and a good bit of real estate up-town, vouched; for the latter, a pew in Grace Church, a high-toned club membership, and a series of *soirees*, *coteries* and sociables, not forgetting a champagne supper or two, at which Frere's gentleman acquaintances devoured quantities of green turtle and sweetbreads and imbibed deluges of Catawba and Roderer, stood sponsors. Personally he was the blandest of gentlemen; but in his sharp grey eyes there was plenty of cunning, and he was just the kind of man that a good judge of human nature would mistrust. But he was so soothingly kind—even to his clerks—politeness cost nothing, and the very beggar who came into his place of business would receive, if nothing else, a kind refusal. "My poor fellow," Mr. Frere would say in his fat, unctuous way, "I am very sorry for you, but really I have no pennies to-day." And then in dress he was a pink of perfection, and although his paunch was inclined to dissipate in Falstaffian proportions, and his hair and whiskers disposed to iron grey, still he covered the first little misfortune with the choicest raiment the tailor could afford him, and for the latter Sir Harcourt Courtley's aids were called into service.

Having thus described this gentleman—who, to ascribe to him an additional virtue, was as fond of a joke as the next one—we will, dear reader, picture him in his office in Wall street, on a bright spring morning, time, half-past nine; occupation, picking his teeth, and glancing over the *Journal of Commerce*, just before the gold room gossips commence to drop in, and the business of the day commenced. In the outer room the scribes, scratch, scratch, scratch of the clerks' pens were the only sounds to be heard.

"A gentleman with a letter, Mr. Frere," said one of the quill drivers, entering the room, followed by a large, ungainly youth, who, with his hat on his head and his mouth and eyes wide open, commenced to take a general survey of the pictures, furniture and fixtures in the room. His hair was a vivid yellow, and fell almost to his shoulders in shaggy masses, while his face was covered with a dirty, soft beard. His clothes were remarkable examples of eccentric plaid, reminding one of the Dandreary pattern, except that their texture was of the coarsest material. Mr. Frere, after taking a bird's eye view of this individual, opened the letter and read as follows:—

MY DEAR FRERE:—I take the liberty of introducing to your notice my son Simon, who wishes to visit New York with the intension of settling in business. He knows little of the ways of the world, and wants to get introduced in to society and business life. He is young and what we call green in some of his ways

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,840 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the Editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

C. W. STEVENS, Oil City, Pa.—You state that A bet that he would lose B, but only tied him. Now, if you refer to Webster's Dictionary you will find that the word "beat" means "to vanquish or conquer; as one beats another at play;" while "tie" means to equal, only. Now then, how, by tieing, did A beat B? The CLIPPER's ruling is indisputable; and it is the authority; and if others choose to give meanings to words that don't belong to them to decide a bet wrongfully, we don't choose to endorse them. Weigh well the terms and verbiage of your bet ere you again invest.

MEXICUS, St. Louis, Mo.—Smoking is not a good habit for singers to indulge in. 2. A natural and gentlemanly introduction, without stiffness or mere formula, is the best, as the latter qualities involve unpleasant restraint quite frequently. Precise manners are not requisite; courtesy is indispensable, either to a lady or gentleman, although in fashionable society the gentleman is first introduced to the lady.

C. H. F., St. Louis, Mo.—"Two parties are playing casino, A and B. They have on the table two aces, a little casino and a trey. A has two deuces and an 8 spot and a nine. B has an ace, tray, six and seven spot, and the deal. A plays first his deuce down and gathers up the two aces and little casino and says 'twos.' Can B play the ace in the two and call it three; or, in other words, can he build on a pair?" .... He cannot.

JOHN MCK.—As you barred all catches and sells, and as it certainly comes under that category, we should consider it a draw, for although St. Patrick's day occurs on Sunday, it may be considered a legal day of rest, like all other Sundays, yet it is not a legal holiday specifically, as the term "holiday" does not apply, as we examine Webster, in a previous issue.

F. W. H., Buchanan, Mich.—The fastest type setting on record is recorded to Geo. Arensberg, the winner of the champion composing stick, who set 2,561 ems, minion, one break line to a stick, ful, in one hour; and 1,500 ems, nonpareil, very full, in thirty minutes and 30 seconds. It was done upon a wager at the office of the New York Sun.

PEABODY, Memphis, Tenn.—1. We are not sufficiently posted to press you for you. A physician who makes such cases a specialty is the better person to apply to. We don't believe in such medicines; besides, what might be good in kind and quantity for one patient, might be quite the reverse for another. 2. Don't know the parties.

F. W., Perin, Ill.—According to the Long Island and Jerome Park Gentlemen rules if a can misses fire the shooter hands his gun to the referee, who unloads the gun, and if it, on examination, is loaded the shooter is entitled to another bird. If it was found to be not properly loaded the bird is scored as missed.

D. H.—Trustee, Lady Fulton, Capt. McGowan, John Stewart and Mattie Steward have all trotted 20 miles within the hour. Trustee's time was 59:35¼; Lady Fulton's, 59:55; Capt. McGowan's, 59:23; John Stewart's (to wagon), 59:23, and Mattie Howard's, 59:30.

J. O., Chicago, Ill.—A loses, because the Academy of Music, Philadelphia Pa., will seat 3,124 people, as follows:—Parquet, 498; parquet circle, 587; stockholders' seats, 765; six private boxes, 48; balcony, 98; balcony private boxes, 140; third tier, 412; third tier private boxes, 128; and amphitheatre 650.

"OUT AT SEA," Baltimore, Md.—Charles T. Parsloe has been upon the stage since the season of 1850-51, when he was engaged at call boy at Barnum's (Chambers Street) Theatre. His present partner Sniffen, has been on the stage occasionally during the past two or three years.

PARK OBSERVER, Boston.—1. A misdeal at seven-up does not entail the loss of the game, or four points. The non-dealer, when two only are playing, has simply the privilege of either dealing or allowing the dealer to deal over. 2. The numbers cannot be obtained which contain "Dan Donnell's Life and Battles."

FRED WARD, Phila.—1. No, but he was matched with him before leaving England. It did not come to a fight, however. Mace being arrested the night prior to the day fixed for the battle. 2. Yes, in his match with Mike Madden. 3. His attainments were not superior.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Pa.—The lowest throw takes prize No. 4, and the four parties who tied on the highest throw are entitled to the prizes Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and can either throw off for them or divide, as they think proper.

MAC, Philadelphia.—O'Baldwin's friend is wrong, as Mace did not do so. He defeated Joe Goss twice, fought a draw with him, and never fought Wormald at all. He was matched with the latter, but Wormald forfeited through illness.

ROVER, New York City.—The lobster market in almost every calling is overcrowded in New York, therefore we advise you to seek occupation in some other locality. One of the growing western towns or cities would do better.

G. W. E.—The Worrell Sisters acted at Wood's Theatre, now called the Theatre Comique, and the New York Theatre, now called the Globe, both on the east side of Broadway. They never played at a theatre on the west side of that thoroughfare.

CASINO, Phila.—"A and B are playing casino. There is a seven and a deuce on the table; A puts them together and places a nine on top and calls it nines. Can B play an ace on it and call it tens?" .... No.

C. E. C.—J. B. Studley did travel with Miss Charlotte Cushman through the country, seeing the opposite leading characters, and his name was "starred" upon the bill with that lady's.

RADIO, Pittsburg, Pa.—Apply in person to Manager Aiken, in your city, and offer to play a few nights for nothing with a view to an engagement if successful.

JAMES B., Chicago, Ill.—We cannot afford space to comply with your request. Play the game with some one who knows, for experience is the best tutor in such a case.

F. J. B., Rousseville.—At auction pitch the bidding is done in turn to avoid confusion; but a player may bid more than once if he chooses, providing he raises on the highest previously offered.

C. E. R., Boston, Mass.—Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau never played Lisa in "A Glance at New York," at the National Theatre, in your city, supporting Mr. F. S. Chanfrau as Mose.

CONSTANT READER.—We believe that a letter mailed in Bristol, Eng., for New York, would be sent to London and then via Queenstown, Ireland, per the "Irish Limited Mail."

READER BOSTON.—It has no right to touch his cards while A is dealing, and if he has more or less cards than he ought to have, his hand is foul and he cannot play.

FOLLOWER.—It entirely depends on the game you are playing. At whist the ace is the lowest card, but at euchre is the next best to the bowers, in cutting for deal.

F. M., Keokuk.—1. The literal meaning of the words "*Veni, vidi, vici*" are "I came, I saw, I conquered." 2. Dexter's best time on record is 2:17¾.

NAT, Chicago.—1. In a misdeal at seven up, the non-dealer has the option of taking the deal or demanding the dealer to deal again. 2. One deal does not constitute a legitimate cut.

J. W. M., Stark Co., O.—The fastest mile time in walking, 6min. 42secs., was made by Boyd, the "North Star," in running, level ground, Hoboken, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 31st, 1870.

J. MAHON.—As no reference was made to the lady in the article alluded to, we do not believe it would be good policy to introduce her name in the connection now.

BUSH, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. As the 49th parallel is exactly the same distance from the pole and the equator in Europe and America a straight line would not deviate to the north. 2. Sixty-one points.

G. W. E., Chicago, Ill.—The population of the United States was 38,555,983, and that of England, the United Kingdom, about 30,000,000, according to the last census.

PRESIDIO, Chicago.—1. Wm. T. Sherman holds the rank of General. Phil. H. Sheridan is Lieutenant General. 2. We presume he does.

W. E. R.—The fight between Mace and Coburn, in Louisiana, was not stopped by the authorities, but was declared a draw by the referee.

SUBSCRIBER, Milwaukie.—A evidently does not understand the game. B can play his ace on the nine on the board, making it ten, if he holds a ten in hand to take it.

ENQUIRER No. 19, Boston.—1. A's blind being one chip and B's straddle two chips, it will cost C four chips to come in. 2. The players can demand to see the winning hand exposed to the board.

RACKET, Jersey Shanghai, N. Y.—A made one point on the board, but he cannot demand to see A's hand when the latter gives up the money.

SALLY COMY, Jr.—Dave Reed joined Bryants' Minstrels in Feb., 1863, and played in the company from that month at 472 Broadway, until they closed on July 9th, 1864.

B. F. K., Kent, O.—At cribbage, when the cards are played as follows:—4, 4, 8, 8, the player of the five is entitled to a sequence of three.

C. F., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—If the bird flies nine feet from the trap and alights, the shooter cannot claim another bird, as he had time to recover before it alighted.

E. J. C., Rochester, N. Y.—No ace being out, if A had the king and played out for the rob, he was entitled to the trump card when it came his time to play.

SPORTING SIR.—There are general rules for the government of the game in question; but a slight variance exists in one or two of them in different localities.

ARGUS, Iowa.—We only issue cards to amusement correspondents, but would be happy to forward, at your convenience, an account of such sporting matters as may occur in your vicinity.

A SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—O'Baldwin, 25 years old, 6ft. 3¼in.; Mace, 29 years, 5ft. 8¾in.; Heenan, 27 years, 6ft. 1¼in.; Coburn, 24 years, 5ft. 11in.

SUTTER CREEK.—1. B can play his deuce on his previous build of seven, making 9 nine, provided he holds a nine in his hand. 2. The Jack deals.

READ., Foxboro, Mass.—It is a misdeal. The rule says that should the trump card not come in regular order to the dealer, it is a misdeal, unless the pack is imperfect.

LADY SUBSCRIBER, Holyoke, Mass.—We never answer questions concerning the private affairs of professional persons.

MUNROE, Washington, D. C.—The lady is a member of the stock company of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city.

C. D. C.—The song you name is always sung by the baritone, and never by the tenor, consequently Mr. Castle never sang it in public.

H. W. W., Broad Brook, Conn.—S. French's address is No. 122 Nassau street, this city.

A SUBSCRIBER, Paducah, Ky.—By giving A three points B lost, as the points given are taken at once.

F. W. S., Albany, N. Y.—We look upon the chances as being equal.

PITTSBURG READER, West Troy.—There is no official and, consequently no formal re-matching time taken in England.

OLD READER, Columbia Farm.—The time of a dead heat goes on the record, and is credited to both horses making it.

R. H. E., Ilinois, Md.—Yes. Ed. James, who advertises, will send it you for 75 cents.

CLIPPER READER.—To travel over the route you lay out it would take nearly two years and cost from about $1,500 upwards.

CHESTER, Chicago.—Can't say positively, but would advise you not to invest less than $50 pay to date for gold watches.

CLIPPER 10 HAVER.—Received, and one or more will be used as early as space will permit.

W. H. F., Bridgeport.—No charge. We have a fifty articles of the kind that we try to give each a turn as often as we can.

H. M., Brooklyn.—There are some good ideas in it, but it is not neatly put together, and is therefore declined.

A. JACOBI.—Thank you. Will probably use it in our next and return it once thereafter.

J. J. G., Buffalo.—The same to you. The song will be given in a week or two.

TIM Jr., Pawtucket.—Your indelicate little game is seen through. You must be "one of these fellers."

H. F. Y., Bridgeport, Conn.—We have enough subjects on hand at present.

MECHANICS, Philadelphia.—As nothing has appeared in our paper sailors' corn rarely, we omit your communication.

F. KINGSBURY, Chelsea, Kansas.—He received your notice as a sensitively rather than as a celebrity, that was all.

D. D. EASTEY, Chicago.—Received, and will meet with early attention.

ADDRESS OF CLIPPER.—London, Eng., has a population of over three million and a quarter.

SILAS FOULBORN, Pa.—Ed. James will send you the book for fifty cents.

R. H., Williamsburgh.—Gold was discovered in California in September, 1847, and Australia Feb. 12th, 1851.

LOUISIANA, Jackson, Miss.—Information too old. Why did you not write earlier?

S. M. D., Baltimore, Md.—In a space of four lines $1.20 for two insertions.

CHAMPION, Erie, Pa.—We don't know, and for good and sufficient reasons don't care to keep track of the individual's movements.

PEANUT MAN.—There are no statistics by which your question can be answered.

P. J., Somerville.—The dealer can demand the cards to be properly cut.

X. Z. X., Washington.—Address Ingersoll & Co., or Stephen Robeins, in earnest.

READER, Van Wert, O.—We do not know where you can procure the desired article.

J. A. HALL, Parlsade, *Nev.*—Heenan and Sayers fought on the 17th of April, 1860.

G. S., New Milford, Ct.—Better devote such extraordinary talent to some other calling.

ASHLAND HOUSE, Virginia City.—A, with one to go, and having made the two points he gave, went out first with his high.

W. K., Phelps, N. Y.—1. A few. 2. No. 3 and 4. Apply to Ed. James, whose card you will find among our advertisements.

F. E. C., Springfield, Mass.—1. Mrs. Scott Siddons has no agent in this country. 2. Address a letter in care of this office.

CONSTANT READER.—No; Abe Hicken beat Pete Maguire, 8 rounds, being fought in 21 minutes, Dec. 23d, 1868.

P. M. and M. H. G., Mine Hill Gap.—Neither is right. There is no recognized champion now.

M. MCMORROUS, New Orleans, La.—Please inform us what the duplicate order is for.

OLD READER.—Beau Hickman is still in the land of the living, and may be found in Washington, D. C.

F. C. B., Manchester, N. H.—Please address your letters as per instructions.

W. A. W., Norwalk, Conn.—We get all the news from our correspondents in neighboring towns. Thanks for past favors.

STUFFED CLUB, Louisville, Ky.—1. We have no knowledge of the lady's whereabouts. 2. The song is called "Barney O'Hea."

SHAKESPEARE No. 2, St. Louis, Mo.—The correct quotation is:—"A as poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio."

Y. M. S., Seymour, Conn.—A can insist, if he chooses, on B cutting the cards; a cut consisting of three or more cards at all fours.

W. H. C., Fort Collins, Col.—A player must build from his own hand, and not from the table.

JOHN TROTT, Boston, Mass.—B, by calling game first, was the winner.

SAC, Chillicothe, O.—1. Westchester is in New York state. 2. No special breed.

ALBANY.—A having failed to beat B, as he wagered, loses his $10.

W. J. F.—B having made the trump, D could not play a lone hand.

L. S., Cincinnati, O.—London, Eng., has the largest population.

A. B. C., McKeesport, Pa.—Address in care of this office.

R. P. M., Petroleum Centre, Pa.—They cannot be had.

J. C., Jr.—Address him a letter in care of this office.

J. C. F., Philadelphia.—Transmann was guillotined.

J. W. K., Boston.—Four sixes beat four aces at dice.

KENDA.—The flyer died on the 29th of June, 1864.

D. B. L., Atlanta, Ga.—Respectfully declined.

A PITTSBURGH READER.—Resigns, principally.

E. G. FRANKLIN, Bloomington, Ill.—Declined.

T. MOONEY, Boston.—We have no room for it.

O. H. ROTHACKER, Cincinnati.—Accepted.

G. B. PENNOCK, Philadelphia.—Accepted.

RELIC, Chicago, Ill.—We do not know.

H. W., Philadelphia.—Not on record.

A. P. B., Allegheny.—Lowest deals.

SIGMA, Chicago, Ill.—We have not.

J. M. B.—We believe so.

CIGARS.—His own son.

A NATIONAL PARK.

This subject is attracting much attention since its ventilation in Congress. It matters but little whether a public park, to be owned and controlled exclusively by the people of the United States as a nation, is distinctly rural in its characteristics or not. In either case the park may be made the most attractive and profitable piece of ground ever seen or dreamed of, for its basis as a project is more inviting, unrestricted, and genial than that of mere monuments, capitols, halls, court houses, and other similar institutions; the combination of patriotism, pleasure, and utility being made as forcible as diffusive. In the first place, there is no such thing as a national park anywhere in the world, to-day, and such a thing as the world's park is out of the question from the ever present peculiar want of a suitable location. A National Park in the United States would answer many of the purposes of a world's park, and is a more feasible project here than elsewhere, because of the vast amount of beautiful territory at our command and within convenient reach of everybody. The Yellowstone region is suggested, by the people of Montana, as a fitting accommodation for a National Park, and doubtless it is, in all respects, the best location. If as fine a spot could be found in Kansas, that, being the central state, would undoubtedly present the best reason why the park should be located there. But better a National Park in the city of Washington, as was proposed last winter, than no National Park. The trifling inconvenience of an out of the way locality is more than compensated for by the great addition to the general weal, consequent upon the establishment of a Park to which all men as citizens, or cosmopolitans, or mere individuals, could contribute freely and advantageously.

The need of a National Park is very pressing. Few people seem to realize the large amount of true grandeur lost to art and society by lack of proper means of exhibition. There are many gems of horticulture alone that nothing but patriotism can purchase, and no bid can be made for them for want of a proper receptacle. Wise men *will not* cast their pearls before swine, and there are no greater swine than "anti-national men." A National Park is needed also on account of its pecuniary, political and sanitary importance. To argue the point would be an insult to intelligent Americans and not very entertaining to unintelligent persons. Besides, the need of such a park has already been well established. It is quite probable that whenever we have a National Park it will become a grand bazaar. Our city, parks, county and state parks, encourage every species of ornamentation. Museums, restaurants, statues, monuments, shooting galleries and archery accommodations are not considered as inappropriate. So it is easy to foresee what inducements might be extended to science, literature and genius generally, to make a national park the vehicle for an exhibition, permanently, of their best treasures. As a national summer resort, what could be more desirable than such a pleasure ground? While enjoying ourselves we could feel that we were benefiting everything and everybody in a substantial manner. On to the Yellowstone.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This, the day that the Sons of Erin celebrate, by parades and jubilant demonstrations, occurred this year on Sunday, March 17th; but in this city the usual demonstration was postponed to Monday, the 18th, the day on which we go to press. A clear, sunshiny day increased the ranks of those on parade as well as the number of spectators, and the display generally was a very brilliant one, the turn-out having been gay and attractive, one of the more prominent features of which was a partial repetition of the display made by this society a year ago, representing the pageant of O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, on his visit to Queen Elizabeth. About a score of men, selected for their gigantic stature, marched in the costume of the ancient Gallowglasses, with helmets, breastplates, battle axes and long saffron mantles. Behind them came an immense platform car, covered with drapery of green and gold, and drawn by ten white horses. On this was a dais, at each corner of which sat a young lady dressed as a page, supporting a colossal bust of Daniel O'Connell. At the rear of this was an image of the ancient Irish wolf-dog, and in front, dressed in robes of crimson, gold and saffron, and with hoary beard and hair, sat the ancient Irish bard, supporting a golden harp. From all that we have seen or heard, nothing particular has occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion in this city, all having passed off with pleasure and commendable decorum. In Jersey City, however, the procession was temporarily thrown out of order by a man named Theodore Smith attempting to cross the line of march, which led to a *melee*, in which the police took part, and one Patrick Dolan was arrested. The disorder which it created, however, was soon quelled, and the Jersey parade was concluded in peace. Taken altogether it was an enjoyable event for the sons of old Erin, and St. Patrick's memory was duly honored thereby.

DON'T LIKE THE CIRCUS.—The city councils of Philadelphia gave Mr. Forepaugh the privilege of exhibiting his circus and menagerie on Penn squares, in that city, at a rental of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per day; and the boys were preparing to give the public such a "ring" performance as has not been seen outside of political circles for years; but the Mayor did not look upon the scheme with favor, and he vetoed the bill. Now, this was certainly a bad move on the part of Mr. Stokely, for this one hundred and twenty-five dollars per day would have been that much more in the city treasury, which has been "tapped" so often of late years by grasping politicians as to leave it well-nigh empty. The exhibition could have done no harm, as the circus would have shown office seekers how to ride on both sides of a horse at the same time without going over until the proper opportunity had arrived; but, probably, the mayor knows that politicians can do such things without any aid from the circus; and the menagerie would have been the very thing by which to instruct the public schools of Philadelphia in real natural history, and so on. We are sorry for the people, and fear that Mayor Stokely has made a mistake in this matter. Circus shows are like prayer meetings for order, compared to the mass gatherings which are permitted on Broad street for political speculations. Depriving the good people of Philadelphia of instructive amusement, as provided by Mr. Forepaugh, is a *faux pas*, we fear, on the part of the mayor.

"PLUM BO'."—It is said, though we cannot state on what authority, that one of New York's popular ministers, who preaches the word for ten thousand dollars a year, was formerly a table waiter in a Cleveland restaurant. Just fancy this dear brother calling out—"Rose beef, rare;" "stewed kidneys;" "pork and beans;" "fried tripe;" "beef steak, no gravy;" suet "puddin', plenty hard;" "apple dumplin', bo';" but preaching pays much better than waiting, and we are glad to hear that "the worker in the vineyard" has made such a blessed change.

SHYSTER.—The reckless and abandoned editors of a San Francisco paper recently had the audacity to call a man named Newly a "shyster." The latter sued the case-hardened newspaper men for libel, laying his damages at $50,000. What do these blood-thirsty ink slingers do but claim that Newly *is* a "shyster," and they must have proved it, for the jury returned a verdict for the newspaper men without leaving their seats. Oh that we had such a jury in this city, where we have so many "shysters." It is no wonder that San Francisco is getting jolted by earthquakes when she permits fiendish quill scratchers to apply to the citizens such pernicious terms.

NOW THE JAPANESE are trying to bamboozle us by saying that for 220 years—from 1624 to 1854—no person born in Japan voluntarily left the land of his birth. We trust that Congress will appoint a committee to investigate this slander, with power to send for persons and papers. This is the only way to stop these wholesale calumnies.

THEY HAVE a couple of ice boats on the Delaware, at Philadelphia, intended to keep the channel open during the winter season. It might be well to build a third boat to haul the other two out of the ice into which they get stuck when the weather is very cold.

NOBLE.—Well done, Pennsylvania. It has just been discovered that a citizen of that state has signed the temperance pledge 220 times. What a temperance blessing he must be. When a man undertakes a thing there is nothing like sticking to it.

A MAN in Alabama is credited with having seen a "ball of fire, as large as a balloon, fall down in broad, open day, leaving a streak of light behind it resembling the tail of a comet." This is probably a case of genuine jim jams.

THE EXCITEMENT in Erie Stock(ie)s has not made much headway since Go(u)ld went down, but this will not, probably, affect Fisc(k)al results, now that the stockholders' appen-*Diz* has been made public.

THE YARN comes to us from Nevada, that a bat as red as a boiled lobster was lately caught there. May be it is a boiled lobster, for those Nevada people are not a very enlightened race.

Squibs and Things.

—The following is a copy of a warrant issued by an Arkansas justice:—

"sHeko KonTy Ark
Feb 8 '72
"by tHe order Or vinsenT kelli i just's or The Pec Huv Ordered tHom Pson dept sheriff. we Are Tu Rest the Bot Tie the KomsideR kUms micmillie Au r mit FoR The AKF he KomyTed up Hap opt The DuTer From the EvDue That He Giv Lie For Der orders.
vinsent kElli, j. p."

—A lively competition is going on in TEXAS as to which county has the heaviest baby:—First comes Waco with one eight months old and weighing thirty pounds; next comes Montgomery with a likely fellow, who is six months old and goes thirty-five pounds; both of these are eclipsed, however, by Robertson county, whose boast is a six monther, weighing thirty-eight pounds.

—The largest clock in the world is on the English House of Parliament; the dials—of which there are four—are twenty-two feet in diameter, and the pendulum is fifteen feet long. The bell upon which the hours are struck is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter and weighs nearly fifteen tons.

—An Ohio paper publishes the following among "other obituary notices":—"Mr. William Jones, of Malta township, aged 83, passed from this life to a better world; next comes Montgomery with a likely fellow, who is six months old and goes thirty-five pounds; both of these are eclipsed, however, by Robertson county, whose boast is a six monther, weighing thirty-eight pounds.

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—Secretary Fish's reply to Earl Granville's note was submitted to the British government on March 14th, and, though friendly, is in firm and unyielding, and calls upon England to submit to the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration the question whether the claims for consequential damages shall be admitted and discussed by that board.

—The Virginia Legislature at Richmond was disgraced by an exciting scene on March 14th, when one of the representatives, Gen. De Neale, called a colleague, Captain Riddlebarger, a "d—d puppy and scoundrel, whereupon the liberal party went for De Neale, threatening to cut his entrails out. Both were arrested before mischief was done.

—Advices from London, Eng., dated March 12th, state that Lady Mordaunt, the defendant in the celebrated divorce case in which the Prince of Wales figured, has been pronounced incurably insane, and her husband's petition for a divorce has been dismissed.

—The Pope, at a public audience to the Vatican on March 10th, said that the misfortunes of the Church date back to 1848, and that the continued existence of two powers in Rome was impossible; nevertheless the same telegram states that the Pope does not intend to leave the city.

—President Lesseps, at a meeting of the shareholders of the Suez Canal, held in Paris on March 13th, reported that the directors have no intention of selling the canal to any government. The traffic is increasing, and the receipts for January and February, 1872, amounted to 2,577,000 francs.

—Richard Pigott, the Irish editor who underwent three months' imprisonment for libeling the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, has been discharged from jail, and the friends in Dublin made a demonstration in his honor and afterwards entertained him at a public breakfast.

—The anniversary of St. Patrick was observed throughout Ireland on March 17th, and in Cincinnati and New Orleans on the same day, but in this and the other principal cities of America the public parades and other celebrations in honor of the day were held on the 18th.

—A bill was passed by the Missouri State Senate on March 11th, prohibiting foreign insurance companies from doing business in Missouri until they have paid taxes due, or given bonds for the payment of such taxes.

—Advices dated Brownsville, Texas, March 13th, state that a difficulty occurred at Piedras Negras, the Mexican revolutionists having fired into the American camp in that vicinity, under the command of Colonel Bliss.

—The first clause of the bill for penalties against the International Society, making it a criminal offence to belong to the society, was passed by a large majority in the French Assembly on March 13th.

—Marshal Bazaine is to be tried by court martial for his conduct in the surrender of Metz, but some trouble occurs in attempting to constitute the court, as nearly all the marshals of France have been engaged in some surrender or capitulation.

—Alexander Campbell and wife, residents of Poplar Grove, Ill., were poisoned on March 15th by drinking aconite given them by a druggist in mistake for whiskey. Campbell died in a few hours, but his wife will probably recover.

—A telegram dated St. Paul, Minn., March 16th states that an accident occurred on the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad on the 15th. Some cars were thrown off the track and a lady fatally injured.

—The 7.15 A. M. train from Springfield, Mass., to Boston, was thrown off the track by a broken rail near Wilbraham on March 16th, and the smoking car ran down the embankment and turned partially over. Several of the occupants were seriously hurt.

—Professors Hilgers, Knoodt, Langen and Rusch, of the University of Bonn, Germany, have been excommunicated by the archbishop of Cologne, for their rejection of the dogma of papal infallibility.

—A suit for damages has been instituted at Matanzas, Cuba, against the British flagship Royal Alfred, her crew having destroyed the better portion of the stalactites in the cave of Bellamas, and the owners of the property claim $100,000.

—Pere Junena, a priest of Bordeaux, who declares that those who accept the doctrine of papal infallibility no longer belong to the true church, is organizing a committee of action in that city, and corresponding with similar committees in Europe.

—The New Hampshire state elections were held on March 12th, and resulted in a general republican victory, Straw having been elected Governor.

—A fireman dated Quebec, Canada, March 12th, reports that Colonel Noel H. Bowen, a prominent citizen, had absconded from there with $100,000 belonging to clients and relatives.

—An indignant murderer lately wrote to the Indiana editor:—"I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replied:—"I am very sorry, as arrangements are already completed to make it several inches longer."

—A man who was arrested for "swearing roundly" at a policeman has at length succeeded in "squaring it" with the offended dignitary. Another man who "lied till he was black in the face" is now out of society "pale."

—They had rare cold weather in southwestern Texas in January. The ground was covered with snow, and streams were frozen over, but on the 25th of February strawberry beds and fruit trees were in full bloom.

—A citizen of Plymouth, Ind., publicly returns thanks to his fellow townsmen "for their kindness in pitching his household goods out of doors on the occasion of the burning of a small barn" near his residence a few months ago, thereby saving his dwelling while in the house—but he doesn't want them to "do so some more."

—A Georgia editor, in noticing the Macon fair, says:—"One of our contemporaries took a very valuable premium, but a meddlesome and officious policeman made him put it right back where he took it from." For the honor of the craft we hope that Georgia editor—makes a mistake.

—A Savannah editor, in a late attempt to describe a painting on a banner, wrote:—"Beside this maiden is an Irish greyhound," etc.; but the printer put it—"Besides, this maiden is an Irish greyhound."

—"Reversible clothing" is now offered for sale at our furnishing stores. A gentleman who has invested in the "new style" says he "never knew what clean linen was until he purchased a shirt which he turns once a week."

—A physician lately recommended a patient to "run" down the street every day for the benefit of his health—but the sick man couldn't see it; he said it was an excellent street, and he didn't like to injure its reputation.

—In a late "editorial debate" one knight of the quill said his colemporary was "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog," and the other gets back with:—"He knows he lies; I never stole his swill from a blind hog."

—In the United States potatoes are raised on about 1,000,000 acres of land every year, and in France about the same, while England has half as many more, and Austria twice as many as England.

—A Pennsylvania paper thus criticises a female vocalist:—"She beats cats on high notes. There is no music or chest tone in her voice, but it is about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian."

—"The Boy Orator of Zepher" is dead, and "Peck's Bad Boy" and Col. Gilman is telling the people all about "The Goat," in Richmond, Va.

—An Iowa butcher puts a gold dollar in every 50 pounds of his sausage meat, and a rival says that isn't the only cuff-rency he uses in making it.

—Woodbury, Conn., is the home of six survivors of the war of 1812, each of whom is over 80 years old, and all were members of the same company in the war.

—The original of Cooper's "Bee Hunter" "still lives" on a farm which he has owned for 64 years, at Harrison's Corners, Mich. He is 101 years old, and hale and hearty.

—An editor, writing of Alexis, intended to call him "the noble Russ," but the "devil" made it "Kuss"—and there was a "right amusing time about it."

—A western paper says that the demand for pieces of the buffalo which Alexis killed is so great that more than "three hundred of him" have been sold in St. Joseph.

—It is said the business is so dull in Paris that, if it were not for an unusually large number of Americans sojourning there, a large number of the stores would be closed.

—London was first lighted with gas on the 28th of January, 1807. In 1806 Sir Walter Scott wrote:—"There is a madman in London who is trying to light the city with smoke."

—The legislature of Illinois has passed a law for the protection of mocking birds' nests, and is debating a bill which, if passed, will prohibit the netting of birds.

—A Louisville lady lately buried her fifth husband—he having buried five sharers of his joys and sorrows before the widowed widow became flesh of his flesh.

—It is reported that during the late cold weather an Illinois editor had his ears frozen about a foot deep. "Comment is unnecessary."

—Whiskey is not sold in Greeley, Colorado—but a remedy for rattlesnake bites is considered nearly as good, and the demand for it is large.

—A Mr. Porter, of Missouri, aged 101 years, who has been baldheaded for many years, is raising a new crop of hair and cutting new teeth.

—A Springfield cordwainer advertises "Shoes made Hear"—if they could be made to talk as well as hear, what strange revelations there'd be.

—A Cleveland dry goods clerk advertises for board in a family where the secret of how he pastes his hair down in scollops will be considered a sufficient equity.

—An eastern paper says it is a strange fact that when women preach the ladies of the congregation are apt to go to sleep, but the men keep wide awake.

—A man who had gone into the woods to fell timber a few days a year ago, representing the pageant of O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, on his visit to Queen Elizabeth. About a score of men, selected for their gigantic stature, marched in the costume of the ancient Gallowglasses, with helmets, breastplates, battle axes and long saffron mantles. Behind them came an immense platform car, covered with drapery of green and gold, and drawn by ten white horses. On this was a dais, at each corner of which sat a young lady dressed as a page, supporting a colossal bust of Daniel O'Connell. At the rear of this was an image of the ancient Irish wolf-dog, and in front, dressed in robes of crimson, gold and saffron, and with hoary beard and hair, sat the ancient Irish bard, supporting a golden harp. From all that we have seen or heard, nothing particular has occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion in this city, all having passed off with pleasure and commendable decorum. In Jersey City, however, the procession was temporarily thrown out of order by a man named Theodore Smith attempting to cross the line of march, which led to a *melee*, in which the police took part, and one Patrick Dolan was arrested. The disorder which it created, however, was soon quelled, and the Jersey parade was concluded in peace. Taken altogether it was an enjoyable event for the sons of old Erin, and St. Patrick's memory was duly honored thereby.

—Man was born at Swaffham, near Boston, Norfolk, Eng., in the month of April, 1831, and will therefore be forty-one years of age next month. In height he stands 5 feet 8¼ inches without his shoes and he scales in proper condition about 166 lbs., though his lighting weight in the days of his prime was 154 lbs. He first entered the ring on the day prior to the completion of his nineteenth year, his opponent being John Frost, by whom he was beaten in 2 hours, twenty-seven rounds, lasting 2 hours and 5 minutes. In 1851 they met again, and this time Mace won in 3 rounds, lasting 20 minutes. In 1852 he beat Tom Harvey. He afterwards, prior to his departure from England, defeated Bill Hillock, Sam Hurst, Tom Paddock, Bob Travers, Bos Brettle, Sam Hurst, Tom King and Joe Goss (twice); was beaten by Brettle and King, fought a draw with Goss, received forfeit from Harvey and Joe Wormald, and was matched to fight Jem Mace, but the fight fell through in this city on Sept. 19th, 1860. Mace has since been repeatedly victorious in the ring, having beaten Tom Allen in two rounds, occupying forty-four minutes, in 1870, and met Joe Coburn twice last year, the first being stopped by the authorities before a blow was struck, and the second ending in a draw, after twelve rounds had been contested, in three hours and fifty-two minutes. He was also matched with Joe Coburn and Ned O'Baldwin in England, but said matches did not result in a fight.

O'Baldwin was ushered into existence at Dismore, County Waterford, Ireland, on January 15th, and has therefore turned his thirty-second year. He reaches an altitude of 6 feet 5¼ inches in his stockings, and weighs in the neighborhood of 200 lbs. in perfect trim. He entered the ring for the first time in 1863, when he beat Tom Allen, and was known at first as "Tom Cooper's Big Un." His first essay was with Andrew Marsden, who vanquished him in 3 rounds, 5½ minutes, Oct. 21st, 1868. In 1866 he encountered George Iles, Marsden's conqueror, and defeated him, after 1 hour and 10 minutes, during which time the rounds were contested. Dissatisfied with the issue of his former battle with Marsden, he sought another match, with which he was accommodated, and this time won in 2 hours and 1 minute, in a fight with Jem Ward, on Monday, Sept. 25th, 1866. In a subsequent match with Joe Wormald he was unjustly compelled to forfeit the full amount of the stakes to Joe, and was afterwards matched with Jem Mace, the match, however, ending in a draw. He served in this country Dec. 31st, 1867, and in January of the following year was matched with Tom Allen, from whom he received forfeit of $30. He was then matched with Joe Coburn, on March 11th, 1869, and the championship, and the belt at Lyndfield, Mass., Oct. 29th, 1868

THE TURF.

THE LONG BRANCH, JEROME PARK AND SARATOGA ENTRIES.

A BRILLIANT SEASON IN PROSPECT.

The entries for the stakes at Monmouth Park, Jerome Park and Saratoga, which closed on the 1st inst., have been received, and from their number indicate an unprecedentedly brilliant racing season. Although the youngest of the three great turf associations in the north, that at Long Branch has grown with gigantic strides, thanks to the liberality and sound judgement of its management, and now rivals in importance the long established associations at Jerome Park and Saratoga.....The Mopeful Stakes for two-year olds, which is run at the first meeting at Monmouth Park in July next, has this year 36 entries, against 18 last season.....The Thomas Hughes, also for two year olds, has 27 entries, against 15 last year, the majority of them being also entered in the Hopeful Stakes. The distance is three-quarters of a mile, while the Hopeful is only half a mile; it is run at the August meeting, as is also the August Stakes, also for two year olds, which has 19 entries against 14 last year. The Monmouth Cup, two miles and a half, value, $2,500, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, p. p., has 12 entries, being three less than the number last year. Not the class of horses engaged in the latter. The meeting of the two great turf champions of the east and west, Harry Bassett and Longfellow, will make this race the most important of the season. The distance is two miles and a half, and if both steeds come to the post in the race, the race will rival, if not surpass, in interest the memorable contests between Henry and Eclipse, and Peytona and Fashion, when the south and north were arrayed together in equine friendship. Speculation has already commenced on the result of the meeting between the two horses, each having a strong body of partisans, but Bassett appears to have the call in the betting at slight odds. There are, however, other good horses in the race, such as Glenelg, the winner of the Beverly Stakes, the four mile heats Alroy, a most promising horse; Monarchist, winner of the Annual Sweepstakes and Grand National Handicap on the same day at Jerome Park, and Nellie Grey, who won nine out of twelve races last year, including the Saratoga Cup. Colonel McDaniels has also two other strings to his bow, besides Harry Bassett, in the horses Abdel Koree and Tubman, who are also entered. This race is run on the Fourth of July and will be certain to attract a large assemblage of visitors to the course at Long Branch.....The July Stakes for two year olds, three quarters of a mile, has 21 entries, or 9 more than last year; they are almost identical with those entered for the Hopeful, August and Theseian Stakes. As its name denotes, it is run at the first meeting in July.....The Monmouth Sequel Stakes for three year olds, two miles, has 34 entries against 27 last year, of which the best public performers are London, winner of the George Elliott Sequel at Memphis, and Myers' House Stakes at Crab Orchard; Sue Ryder, winner of the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga; Inverary, winner of the Dessert Stakes at Jerome Park, and Homeland.....The Long Branch Stakes has 16 entries, against 14 last year. This is calculated to produce a good race over the two mile course, with such horses as Monarchist, Kildare, Chatleville, Glenelg, Susan Ann, Abdel Koree, Alroy and Preakness taking part in it.....The Hoey Stakes, for all ages, three miles, is named in compliment to the present president of the association, and has six horses entered, viz., Joseph Donahue's ch c Alroy, Joseph Donahue's b h Glenelg, H. P. McGrath's b m Susan Ann, D. McDaniels and Co.'s ch c Abdel Koree, M. H. Sanford's b h Preakness, and Jerome and Buford's gr f Nellie Grey. As all these horses are winners, the race between them will be one of especial interest. Altogether, the prospect of a brilliant racing season at Monmouth Park is bright and promising.

The Jerome Park entries have also closed well, and afford indications of a successful season. The Tradesman Stakes has also two entries, or one more than last year. Among the best public performers we note Midday, Alroy, Defender, Tubman, Sue Ryder, Salina, Sunnybox and Mary Louise. The weights will be published on the 1st of May, and acceptances declared on or before the 15th of May. The Jockey Club handicap has 22 nominations, being exactly the same as last year; among the best of the lot are Kolus, Alroy, Orion, Abdel Koree, Tubman, Chittenden, Stockwood and Salina. The weights and declarations are made on the same days as the Fordham Stakes. The Westchester Cup has twelve entries, like last year, but the high class of horses amply compensates for the non-increase in numbers. They are Lillieton, Express, Kolus, Glenelg, Alroy, Harry Bassett, Abdel Koree, Tubman, Midnight, Preakness, Monarchist and Tom Boston. Longfellow is not entered for this race, although his stable companions, Lillieton and Express, are. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Harper prefers the Monmouth Park course, as being more adapted to the tremendous stride and great size of his famous horse than the numerous curves at Jerome Park. The Annual Sweepstakes, two miles and a quarter, for three year olds, run in 1875, has 24 entries, and the Hunter Stakes run at the same time, has 24. The Wetherby Stakes, of 1873, has closed with 32 nominations; six additional entries having been made since the stake, which closed last December, was re-opened by consent of all parties.

At Saratoga, the mile and quarter sweepstakes for all ages has closed with 16 entries, or one less than last season. The pick of the lot appears to comprise Harry Bassett, Orion, Tubman, Lillieton, Chillicothe, Glenelg, Salina and Saucebox, and the race will undoubtedly keep up its character for producing a most exciting race. The Flash stakes for two year olds has 29 youngsters entered, against 21 last year, showing an increase of 8 entries. The Saratoga Cup, made memorable last year by the meeting of Longfellow and Kingfisher, has this year 12 nominations, exactly the number entered for it last year. They are Harry Bassett, Alroy, Abdel Koree, Tubman, Longfellow, Express, Glenelg, Defender, Midnight, Nellie Ransom, Preakness and Monarchist. Mr. Harper's great crack, and Colonel McDaniels' flyer, Longfellow and Harry Bassett, will here meet again, over a shorter distance than in the Monmouth Cup; the latter being two miles and a half, and the former two miles and a quarter, and many a shrewd turf judge will be the shorter race will suit Longfellow best. The Sequel Stakes, for three years olds, two miles, numbers 25 entries against 23 last year; the best of them are Sue Ryder, winner of the Kentucky Stakes, Hubbard, London, Woodbine, Inverary and Bacon & Holmes' Jack Malone colt. The Sumner Handicap, for all ages, has 18 entries against 19 last year; we find among them Kolus, Alroy, Hubbard, Abdel Koree, Wanderer, Barney Williams and Salina. The two year old sweepstakes has 29, and the three year old sweepstakes 25 entries. A good racing season at Saratoga may be anticipated.

THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA.

Underneath will be found summaries of events decided during the present month at the Agricultural Park, San Francisco, Cal.:—

MARCH 2D.—Running race, for a sake of $500, mile heats, 3 in 5.

John Pfau entered b m Lady St. Clair.....1 1
Wm. Woodward entered g h Eugene Casserly.....2 2

MARCH 4TH.—Trot, $1,000; mile heats, 3 in 5.

W. H. Burdett entered Silver Heels, to a 400 pound wagon.....1
F. Brandow entered Tule St. Clair.....2

First mile	3:37½	Fifth mile	3:41	
Second mile	3:43½			
Third mile	3:38	Total	18:09½	
Fourth mile	3:30½			

SAME DAY.—Pacing, $300; mile heats, 3 in 5; Longfellow to wagon.

D. Brunner entered b m Lady St. Clair.....1 2 0 1 1
H. White entered blk h Oakland.....2 1 0 2 2
M. Jencks entered g Longfellow, to wagon.....3 3 3 3
Time, 2:37; 2:32½; 2:29½; 2:31; 2:33.

SAME DAY.—Trot, $1,000; five mile heats, 3 in 5; to wagon.

Wm. H. Burdett entered Silver Heels, 600 pound wagon.....1
Mr. Brandow entered Tule St. Clair.....2
Time, 17:47.

SAME DAY.—Pacing, $500; one mile and repeat.

M. Jencks entered g Longfellow, to wagon.....1 1
D. Brunner entered b m Lady St. Clair.....2 2
Time, 2:35; 2:36.

TITUSVILLE DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION.—The officers of the above Pennsylvania association of turfites are as follows:—President, J. J. McCrum; vice-president, George Irwin; secretary, L. W. Brown; treasurer, E. W. Watson; directors, A. S. Hubbard, A. Carr, A. V. M. Sprague, Chas. Castle and R. A. Dempsey.

BILLIARDS.

"WRITE ME A LETTER, LOVE."—By a judicious presentation of a batch of circumstances, all but one of which did not amount to shucks, the fact has been developed that Frank Dion and J. G. Bennett, while professing to be negotiating through the press alone for their recent match, were in secret communication. Gotham had hardly finished reading the first published letter written by Dion, and Gotham publicly called upon Bennett to let the outside world have a peep at the valentine. Instead of producing the letter, Bennett, taking pains to disprove a lot of allegations that would amount to nothing, even if proved, verifies the only material point by admitting that Dion had written him with regard to the match. It is due to the players to add that Bennett states that the letter did not "contain the slightest overture for any dishonorable compact." There is no reason in the world why Dion is willing to take Bennett's word for it. Match players will do well, however, if they hereafter avoid private letter writing while public negotiations are pending.

THE LONG ISLAND AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.—The tournament to decide the amateur championship of Long Island, and which was inaugurated at A. R. Samuells' rooms on the night of the 11th inst., closed after the third game had been played. There were six entries, but only three of them came to the post. These were Messrs. Rogers and Vanderwerker, averaging 17 14-29. Rogers beat Vanderwerker by a score of 500 to 361, while Rapalye, averaging 12¾, defeated Vanderwerker by 500 to 388. Next, averaging 15 4-31, Rapalye disposed of Rogers by a score of 500 to 390, and the same day the championship came off. At the outset it was regarded as a certainty that Rogers would win the cue, and he probably would, had not Rapalye fairly outplayed himself.

A MATCH was played at Bemus Hall, Mayville, N. Y., on March 9th, 1,000 points up, four ball caroms, the contestants being Charles Tincom and Charles V. Dodge, and the stake at issue $400. The first named player won by a score of 1,009 to 729.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA.—The pending match for the championship of Canada, and the handsome $1,000 stake, between J. B. Bennett, of Toronto, and William Jakes, of Cobourg, is set down for the 30th inst., at Montreal.

NEW ROOMS.—The Southern Hotel and Steuben House billiard rooms, in this city, were opened last week, as also was that of J. Chiang, in Varieties Hall, Newark. Each establishment has six tables and the others four each—all Collender's "Bevels."

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST.—William Wait has challenged J. B. F. McCleery to a contest for the championship of the Pacific region. No date.

DERBY AT THE IVORIES.—On the occasion of the opening of Richards & Baker's room, Omaha, John Deery ran a Mr. Shaw played a game of 1,000 points, which Deery, making runs of 93,105 and 186, won by 355.

"LITTLE GOLDIE."—William Goldthwait, now in Troy, and who is reported as just knocking the life out of billiard balls, is talked of as a probable challenger of Cyrille Dion for the championship.

AT HIS POST AGAIN.—Joseph O'Conner, the well known room keeper, has fully recovered from his illness, that for two weeks presaged a serious result.

HIGH FIGURES.—At Utica, the other day, while playing three ball caroms, Garnier made a run of 105.

MARRIED.—George Jones, superintendent of the Park Hotel billiard room, took unto himself a wife, a few days ago.

JOSEPH DION IN PITTSBURGH.—In the Smoky City, last week, Joseph Dion made an average of 174 in a game of 1,000.

SPORT IN MEADVILLE, PENN.—A tournament is in progress at Stevens' room, Meadville.

JOHN DEERY will receive a letter by calling at or sending his address to this office.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SPORT AT PHILADELPHIA.—On March 8th a horse was shot for at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, Pa., twenty chances, $10 a chance, five single birds each. The score was as follows, the prize being won by Fesse:—

Cornell	1110—	3	Rotan	110— 2
Cornell	1110—	3	Rotan	10— 1
Carson	110—	2	Wood	11111 10— 5
Cornell	11110—	4	Wood	11111 11111 01011—13
Mingle	1110—	3	Cornell	1110— 3
Carson	11111 1110—	8	Tomlin	0— 0
Mount	0—	0	Tomlin	10— 1
Peace	11111 11111 10111—	13	Cornell	11111 11111 11111— 15
Peace	11111 110—	7	Mingle	11111 1110— 7
Wood	110—	2	Brown	10— 1

Out of the above beat grew a match between Peace and Wood, 50 single birds each, for $250 a side, which is to be decided at Sulfolk Park on Thursday afternoon, 28th inst.

PAINE VS. WOOD.—At Capt. Seeley's, near the Union Course, L. I., on Tuesday, March 19th, the first match of the bone and home series between Ira A. Paine, of this city, and Richard Wood, of Chester, Pa., is to take place, commencing between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M. The conditions are to shoot at 50 single birds each, for $250 a side, according to the Rhode Island rules. The second, third, fourth and fifth, of which sets the same, is to be shot at Philadelphia on Tuesday, March 26th, Wood to name the place. All the money is up, $400 a side having been posted on the 9th inst. The friends of both parties are confident of a successful issue, and as the interest felt in it is great, much money will, doubtless, be wagered upon the result. Mr. H. D. Foster is final stakeholder.

SCHINDLER VS. THE SCOTTISH CHAMPION.—The pigeon shooting match between Phillip Schindler and the "Champion of Scotland" took place at George Smith's Atlantic House, Fort Hamilton, L. I., on Thursday, March 14th. About three hundred persons were present, most of whom were friends of both the contestants, and though the friends of Schindler offered numbers of bets ranging from twenty five dollars upwards, the friends of the "champion" couldn't see it, and the result justified the judgment of the backers of both, for Schindler won by the following score:—

Schindler	01110 11110 01111—10	out of 15.
Champion of Scotland	11110 01001 10111—9	out of 15.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Wednesday, the 20th inst., the knights of the trigger are to assemble at Tom Taylor's, "The Jolly Hour," Greenville, N. J., at a sweepstakes shooting match for a diamond cluster pin (originally costing $250), among forty-five members, at $10 each. They are to shoot at five birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼ ounce shot, Rules and Traps, according to the Long Island rules. A purse of $25, in gold, and a solid silver drinking cup, worth $15, will be presented to the second and third best in the shooting.

SAVAGE VS. CRESSWELL.—A shooting match has been arranged between Jessie Savage and James Cresswell, two well known sports of Philadelphia, to shoot at 20 pigeons each, for $500 a side, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, on Monday, March 25th, at Richmond, and from their reputation an exciting contest is anticipated. Aaron Beaver is stakeholder and referee.

THE PALMER CUPS AT JEROME PARK.—The postponed shooting for the two silver cups given by Mr. Palmer will take place on Wednesday, the 20th inst., at Jerome Park.

AQUATIC.

THE INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR MATCH.

Underneath will be found the reply of the London Rowing Club to the challenge issued by the Atalanta Boat Club, to which allusion was made last week:—

LONDON ROWING CLUB, PUTNEY, Feb. 21, 1872.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS, ATALANTA BOAT CLUB, NEW YORK.—GENTLEMEN.—On behalf of the London Rowing Club, we have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of, and accepting your friendly and very sportsmanlike challenge of the 29th ult. Your much esteemed letter was read at our general meeting, held on the 15th inst., and received with hearty cheers by the members present, all of whom expressed the greatest admiration of the plucky crossing of your open and manly challenge. We should prefer the race should take place on the 10th of June, at about 5 P. M., when the tide will be suitable; but this and all minor matters we shall with confidence leave in your hands, feeling sure that gentlemen who come so far to row a race for honor alone will propose fair conditions. We must, however, decline the title you so politely offer us, of being at the "head of" amateur oarsmen throughout Europe. Such a distinction we do not merit or claim even in England, having been frequently defeated in our own waters. We are now, however, and always have been, willing and delighted to meet any gentlemen amateur oarsmen in the world to dispute the "pride of place" on the Thames. We shall be glad if you will let us know when your crew start for England, giving us the name of steamship, the date of departure, and port of destination. We shall, prior to the arrival of your representatives, be glad to learn their names, that we may, with your kind permission, elect them honorary members of our club, which will entitle them to the use of our boats, boat house, club rooms, &c., to which, allow us to say, they will be heartily welcome. If we can be of service to your club in any other way, either before or after their arrival, we beg to place our services entirely at your command. Thanking you for the compliment you have paid us in sending this challenge, and again expressing our appreciation of it, we are, gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

JAMES LAYCOCK, President L. R. C.
FRANCIS S. GUILSTON, Captain, L. R. C.

CLUB ELECTIONS.—Now that the rowing season is close at hand, the various clubs throughout the country are preparing for a busy campaign, during which the blades of spruce and ash will not be "All quiet along the Potomac," nor any other boating centre in Uncle Sam's domains. The Ripple and Ariel Clubs, of Boston, have consolidated under the style and title of the Crystal Lake Club, with the following officers:—Commodore, S. H. Buttrick; vice commodore, G. M. Ray; president, W. A. Andrews; vice president, Robert Clark; secretary, D. F. Munroe; treasurer, W. D. Serrell.....The Union Club, of the Hub, held a meeting recently, when they elected the gentlemen herein named officers for the ensuing twelvemonth:—President, Henry B. Rice; vice president, Thos. F. Edwards; captain, Albert G. Hartley; lieutenant, Edw'd F. Perkins; secretary, Edw'd R. Robbins; treasurer, Winslow Herrick; directors, Daniel Sargent, Robert S. Rand and Wm. Appleton, Jr.....At the annual meeting of the Tantasmoset Club, of Chelsea, Mass., an election for officers resulted thus:—President, A. H. Harris; captain, F. W. Crowell; treasurer, Wm. B. Bagnall, Jr.; lieutenant, Geo. Balladora, Jr.; secretary, E. A. Fellows.....On March 7th, the members of the Buffalo Rowing Club assembled at the Tift House, Buffalo, N. Y., and after transacting business of minor importance, elected the following named officers:—President, Spencer Clinton; vice-president, W. T. Chester; secretary, Ed. S. Hawley; treasurer, E. C. Cochrane; coxswain, Jno. R. Dobbins; first assistant coxswain, John Dorr; second assistant coxswain, Charles E. Dunbar; third assistant coxswain, Geo. Lewis; executive committee, T. D. K. Saunders, J. S. Marshall, G. R. Fordham, G. E. Lawrence and W. Greene.

THE CLIPPER SHIP DENMARK, formerly the Great Republic, was abandoned at sea on March 4th, and the crew took the boats, arriving at Bermuda on the 6th. The Great Republic was one of the most noted clippers of her day and was regarded as one of the finest specimens of American naval architecture. She was constructed by the celebrated shipbuilder, Donald McKay, at East Boston, and was burned to the water's edge in 1853, she was afterwards, in 1855, reconstructed, and rechristened the Denmark and her decks reduced from four to three. The number of her masts was also reduced four to three, her tonnage, in her new form, being 2,670 tons. She then became the property of A. A. Low, and while under his management made many and successful trips to various parts of the world. At the time of the famine in Ireland the Great Republic carried a cargo of provisions from this city—the gift of New York citizens—for the relief of the sufferers, and her magnificent proportions were greatly admired by shipbuilders on the other side of the Atlantic. She was soon afterwards sold to an English firm, and remained in their service up to the present time. During the Crimean war she was temporarily hired by the British government as a transport ship, and was engaged in carrying troops and provisions between Marseilles and Sebastopol. At the conclusion of the war she was again taken possession of by the present owners, who received a large sum of money for her services.

THE PROPOSED REGATTA ON THE POTOMAC.—On the evening of March 11th, a meeting of the committees of the different rowing and yachting clubs of the District of Columbia was held at the Dickson House, Washington, at which it was resolved that in order to carry out the project of having a boating regatta take place on the Potomac river during the coming summer, it would be necessary to call upon the public for contributions, and a committee was appointed for that purpose. A committee was also appointed, consisting of Messrs. Gardner, Marbury, Fife and Upperman, to wait upon the different hotel proprietors and consult with them upon the practicability of raising a hotel purse as one of the prizes. Measures will be taken to procure a reduction on fare on all railroads leading to Washington, and also comfortable hotel accommodations at reduced rates for all who may go to participate in the regatta.

FAST SAILING PASSAGE.—The ship Archibald Fuller arrived at San Francisco Cal., on March 13th, having made the passage from Liverpool, Eng., in 102 days. This stands as the second best trip on record between those ports, the Golden Gate having accomplished it in 100 days.

COCKING.

RICHMOND vs. PORTSMOUTH, VA.

THE FORMER VICTORIOUS.

The long anticipated main between the fanciers of Richmond and Portsmouth, Va., commenced at the new cockpit, No. 714 Main street, Richmond, on Tuesday evening, March 12th, and wound up on the 14th. The match was made for $100 each battle and $1,000 the odd, each party showing 21 birds, giving and taking 7 oz., and fighting with 1¾ inch short gaffs. E. H. Allen handled and heeled for Richmond, and Geo. O Palmer in a like manner represented Portsmouth. After the process of weighing had been concluded, it was found that 16 pair had been matched. The following cocks were of the dusty miller and muff strains, and those of Portsmouth of the red horse and Brush head strains:—

First Battle.—Richmond sent in a brown red muff, weighing 5lb 6oz., Portsmouth confronting him with a brown red top, 5lb, which scaled 1oz. more. After some sharp fighting, lasting 2 minutes, the muff, although game as a pebble, met with a throat cut and went under. First battle for Portsmouth.

2. Two 4lb. 11oz. cocks were next produced, Richmond showing a duck wing grey and Portsmouth a lead colored 4lb. 11oz. After fighting 30 minutes the Richmond bird broke his leg, but proved game, though, as he fought 67min. longer. After some argument, the fight was decided in favor of Portsmouth. Time, 1 hour and 37 minutes.

3. The Richmond bird was a 4lb. 13oz. streaker brass wing, and the Portsmouth 4lb. 17oz. black bottom, red. The Richmond fell dead, and as gave Portsmouth the third fight.

4. Richmond pitted a yellow tan grey, 4 lb. 15oz., and Portsmouth a brown red, 4lb. 12oz. Both good fighters, but the former proved to be a quick, steady, hard hitter, never ceasing even after he had laid his opponent out dead. Time, 7 minutes. Cheering from the Richmond division at this their first battle.

5. A black bottom red, 4lb. 15oz., for Richmond, and a 4lb. 14oz. brass wing black for the opposite side. This proved a short fight, the Richmond bird breaking his adversary's neck in 7 min. and 55sec.

6. Richmond sent in a 4lb. 15oz., spec-breast red, and Portsmouth a mik white, 5lb. Both were rattlers, and soon got to work and after some hard fighting, lasting 25 minutes, the Richmond bird finished the battle by sanding both gaffs clear through the white's neck, and the Portsmouth men lost heavily on this fight.

7. Both showing 5 lb. birds, Richmond a blue henny, and Portsmouth a black bottom red. The Richmond henny broke his leg in the start, soon lost the fight, but proved game to the last.

8. A mottled breast grey, 5 lbs. 1 oz., for Richmond, and Portsmouth a 5 lbs. 2 oz. spec-breast grey. This battle was short and decisive, and resulted in favor of the Richmond representative, who laid out the Portsmouth bird by a brain blow. Time, 6 min. 27 secs.

9th. Richmond a brass wing blue, 5lb. 3oz., and Portsmouth a black bottom red, 5lb. 3oz. Betting so far had been even, but was now in favor of Richmond. The blue was a good fighter, but was soon laid low by a brain blow.

10. A 4lb. 15oz. grey for Richmond, and a 5lb. 5oz. black bottom red for Portsmouth. A quick contest, the Richmond bird breaking his opponent's neck the fourth fly, in 8min. and 29secs.

11. Richmond a 5lb. 3oz. mottled grey, and the opposite side showing a 5lb. 7oz. black bottom red. The latter was the favorite, and after 10 minutes hard fighting gained the battle by sending the murderous steel through the red's neck.

12. A streaked cock, 5lb. 10oz., for Richmond, and a mottled-breast grey, 5lb. 9oz., for Portsmouth. Steady fighting for some time, when the Richmond bird commenced to run, both well played out in 39 minutes, when the fight was declared for Portsmouth, although claimed by both sides.

13. A black brass-wing for Richmond, and a mottled-breast blue for Portsmouth each 5 lb. 11 oz.. The red proved to be a rattler, and soon made the Richmond bird run. Another easy victory for Portsmouth.

14. Richmond a robin-breast red, and a white pyle for Portsmouth, each 5 lbs. 11 oz. This proved the best fight in the main so far, the Richmond bird at the third and fourth fly breaking his rival's leg and back, thus ending the fight in 7 minutes, without a scratch.

15. Each side having won seven battles, this was the turning point. Betting easy. Richmond pitted a fine black pyle, Portsmouth a black bottom red, each 5 lb. 13 oz. This proved a rattling fight, both steady fighters. The Richmond bird was lively, and laid out his rival in 7 min. and 29 sec.

16. This was the deciding fight, and the excitement became intense. Odds offered for Richmond and taken. Richmond showed a brown red and Portsmouth a black bottom grey, each scaling 5 lb 14 oz. Both prov'd hard hitters. Towards the last, tho' the Richmond bird proved to be a runner, just as his opponent fell dead, could the latter have held on a few seconds longer he would have won the fight, as none was left in the red. The red did the last fighting, but the grey snowed the best. Time, 19 min.

A CHICKEN CONTROVERSY, for $50 a side, took place at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on March 9th, between birds owned by Isaac Smith and Eugene Mattaz, weighing respectively 4 lbs. 14 oz. and 4 lbs. 6 oz. The latter won in 5 min. 30 sec.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 407.

WASHBURN'S "LAST SENSATION" closed a season of ten months and twenty-one days at Fort Edward, N. Y., March 18th. His next season will open at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., April 24th, with a new outfit, and an entire change of performers, retaining of the old company his sons, the Washburn Brothers only. Business with this troupe during the past season has been, it is said, unusually good. The British band, under the direction of Prof. Robinson, is engaged for the coming season. The Rutland, Vt., *Daily Herald* of March 18th speaks as follows of this troupe:—

OPERA HOUSE.—Washburn's Combination Troupe played before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Opera House last evening. The performance was one of a variety character, giving much satisfaction. Sexton's Band discoursed most excellent music. The spade and ladder dancing by Leon Washburn was a wonderful, daring and novel feat. The gymnastic gambols by the corps were marvelous. The great gladiatorial combat and burlesque tragedy was intimidable, and contortions of the boneless youth were amazing. 'The Arkansas Traveler" was side splitting. All in all, it was a rich variety entertainment. Mr. Washburn as a manager is unexcelled, and Mr. Tinkham, the agent, is an experienced pilot for this really successful company.

THE ROYAL YEDDO TROUPE of Japanese commenced an engagement of four nights at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on March 12th, before a large audience. The most wonderful performance was the daring slide on a slack wire of the belle of Japan. The wire is stretched from the top of the theatre to the stage, and while standing upright, she slides down backwards, a distance of at least seventy feet. The juggling of Gangero; the contortions of the "boneless" boys, and the balancing of Gangero and Boy Wonder are deserving of especial mention. Tumi performs the remarkable feat of climbing a ladder, the rounds of which are swords of unusual sharpness. Their performances have drawn large audiences, and if applause is any criterion, the show has proved a success. They go from here to Nashville, TENN., working their way by Memphis to New Orleans, LA. So wrote our correspondent on March 14th.

MCGILL AND STRONG'S Mirror of Ireland is to be exhibited at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, March 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.

FROF ROBERTS advertises for sale, cheap, dissolving view apparatus, with a large collection of views.

A HOT-AIR BALLOON, with furnace and fixtures, and a Shetland pony are offered for sale by J. S. Campbell. See advertisement.

PROF. MACALLISTER, magician, performed at Central Hall, Chicago, Ill., during the past week, and was to remain another week.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN recited selections from "Macbeth" on the evening of the 14th inst. at one of the churches in Chicago, Ill., which was crowded to suffocation.

MR. GEO. MARTIN, proprietor of Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., which was partially destroyed by fire on March 11th, commenced to repair the building on the 12th. The hall will be ready for occupation early in April.

THE FAIRS OF ISPAHAN commenced a season of nine nights at Gallipolis, O., March 11th.

ROBT. CRAIG, costumer, inserts his card in another column.

AT THE THEATRICAL DRY GOODS STORE, No. 280 Bowery, this city, of which Mr. W. Dazian is proprietor, may be obtained all the material for a lady's wardrobe for an appearance on the stage, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

MR. L. M. HEWLETT is announced to lecture at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on March 19th. Subject:—"Mungo, that Dog."

THE COTTON OPERA HOUSE, Charleston, W. Va., can be rented for first class entertainments. It has a stage with scenery and dressing-rooms. Managers and others are referred to D. Hanchett and the manager's cards in another column.

CHAS. S. MATHEWS advertises a black bear for sale.

Amateur.

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB on the 12th gave a variety programme, consisting of scenes from the "Rivals" and "Hamlet," "Katherine and Petruchio" and the "Dead Shot." On the 19th they are to render the "World of Fashion," and on the 26th "Our American Cousin."

THE OSWEGO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Chicago, Ill., gave a performance the past week. The play selected was "Caste," Sam Forsythe enacted Capt. Hawtree in a very pleasing style. George D'Alroy was personated by Mr. Taylor, but was hardly up to the standard. Mr. Beardsly's representation of Eccles was, as a whole, a good performance and elicited applause. Mr. Barker assumed the role of Sam Gerridge, and displayed considerable dramatic ability. Polly Eccles was charmingly played by Miss Hartley. Miss Morton acquitted herself finely as Esther Eccles. The entire performance passed off to the satisfaction of all present. Miss Curtis appeared as Marquise and was excellent. So wrote our correspondent on March 15th.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

UP TO MARCH 2d we have advices concerning amusements in London, Eng., and elsewhere. The theatres in that metropolis had not been well attended in consequence of the excitement and the out-door attractions attendant upon the celebration of a thanksgiving for the recovery of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, on Tuesday, Feb. 27th. The Royalty Theatre was re-opened on Feb. 26th. Of the three pieces presented the "Late Ralph Johnson," a comedy adapted from the French by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, was the chief novelty, having been then acted for the first time, and was spoken of as follows:—"It is in three short and mirthful acts, which were received with favor by the audience. Whether it is destined to have a long run is doubtful. It has certainly much humor of a grim kind, its satire is clever and effective, and its dialogue is witty at times, though it is seldom crisp or dramatic. The opening scene recalls strongly the first act of Lord Lytton's comedy of 'Money.' An assemblage of relatives is collected in the house of Ralph Johnson, who has been murdered in his chairs. Excitement runs high, as the defunct man is known to have been rich, and each of the various personages assembled has hopes or dreams of finding himself the heir. At the moment for the arrival of the solicitor who is to read the will appointed, the fears, dislikes and hostilities such a state of affairs is apt to engender find loud utterance. At length the expected guest arrives, and without further delay the will is read. A strange document it proves. So worded is it that each, as his name is mentioned, fancies himself chosen. All are, however, disappointed, for the will leaves the decision of the question, what shall become of the property of the late Ralph Johnson, to the Five Hundred, each to give one vote in its disposal. Another meeting is arranged to take place in a fortnight, and then the person obtaining the majority of the votes is to step into the property, the extent of which is not less than eighty thousand pounds. A change of passions and meannesses is now exhibited. In place of the hatred and enmity before shown, the more greedy and covetous of the assemblage begin to heap on those around them every praise and flattery imaginable. All part, however, and the act ends. The requisite fortnight passes in the interval between the acts, and the second act shows the reassembled relatives. The race is apparently between two of the candidates, the one a retired grocer, the other a whimsy, complaining, selfish, malingering old wretch, who would stop at no meanness to gain his ends, and Bruton, a rich lawyer, who has married a cousin of Ralph, and who seeks, apparently, to coerce him through their fears, rather than persuade them through their affections. Joseph has strong hopes, as he has three votes in his own family, being able, as he assumes, to count upon his wife and his sons as none of them are equally able to see the chance appears good. He has however, reckoned without his host. He has two votes only, his own and his wife's. A promise of ten thousand pounds from Bruton has seduced the son into voting against his father, and has given the latter an unexpected majority. This he owes to a curious combination of causes. Among the voters two, George and Amy, love each other. George, however, is poor, and Bruton, who is rich, will never bless in her union, having only married her husband in a fit of pique at some coldness, real or imagined, on the part of her lover. She is wholly indisposed to give up her claims upon George, and resents not a little a threat from her husband that if she votes with him on his her indignation she takes Amy with trickery in making love to George only for the sake of obtaining his vote for the property. So overwhelmed with shame at this charge is the girl that she breaks with her lover and is about to show her determination in her abstinence, votes for Mrs. Bruton herself. A similar motive leads to a like action on the part of George, who also votes for Mrs. Bruton. This vengeance is deserted by Mrs. Bruton, however, who, in a fit of penitence. She calls together the lovers and joins their hands, determining at the same time to obtain for them the money she regards as their due. The piece, however, is less easily done than done, since Bruton is now inclined to disgorge. She hears, however, that his bribery has invalidated the election, and a fresh vote seems necessary. At this moment a second will, giving the property to Amy, is found. Sing, in 703 days. This stands as the second best trip on record between those ports, the Golden Gate having accomplished it in 100 days.

MUSICAL.

HENRI COHN'S English Opera Company commenced a season at Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 24th.

MR. S. KENNEDY, assisted by the members of his family, gave two farewell concerts at Edinburgh, Scotland, during the week ending March 2d, prior to his departure for Australia.

MR. MAPLESON'S Italian Opera Company commenced a brief season at Glasgow, Scotland, Feb. 22d.

Variety Halls.

THERE is no news worthy of record concerning either the metropolitan or provincial music halls further than Lalla and Zoe, aerial gymnasts, were announced to have appeared at the Alhambra, London, Eng., March 4th, and on March 13th Frederick Suange was to have taken a farewell benefit and retired from the management of that theatre.

HARRY CLIFTON and company performed at Great Yarmouth, Eng., Feb. 23d and 24th.

VANCE and his company sang at Bradford, Eng., Feb. 24th.

ARTHUR LLOYD and his company are announced to perform at Totnes, Eng., March 4th; Torquay, 5th; Exeter, 6th; Honiton, 7th, and Weymouth, 8th and 9th.

O'REARDON, the tumbler-unicon performer, was performing at the Salle des Porcherons, Paris, France.

Negro Minstrelsy.

J. F. TOTTEN' Christy Minstrels performed at Banbury, Eng., Feb. 23d and 24th.

MATHEWS' C. C. C. Christy Minstrels performed at Southport, Eng., Feb. 22d and 23d.

Circuses.

DEATH FROM THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—We regret to announce the death of Ames Ayres, better known as Eugenio, a pupil of Leotard, during his performance on the flying trapeze. The sad event occurred on Saturday, Feb. 17th, at the Great American Circus of W. Myers, Brussels. In the act of leaping to catch the second trapeze the unfortunate performer missed his hold, and, falling beyond the net, received a severe wound on the left temple, which rendered him insensible. Assistance was immediately procured, but on Wednesday, Feb. 21st, Eugenio expired. He was by birth an Italian, having been born at Civita Vecchi, and at the time of his lamentable death was but twenty-three years of age.

THE CIRCUS at Finder's Circus, Barrow-in-Furness, Eng., was drawing to a close.....At Batty's Circus, Belfast, Ireland, the equestrian spectacle of "Ivanhoe" had been produced.....Manley's Star Circus, at Birkenhead, Eng., closed March 2d.....At Hutchinson & Taylcure's Circus, Cardiff, Wales, there had been no additions to the company.....At Gunnell's Circus, Leamington, Miss Ada Isaacs, jester, and others. Fabian's are the fresh arrivals.....At Foottit's Circus, Liverpool, Eng., the "Chinese Carnival" was the feature.....At Cooke's Circus, Manchester, Eng., Charles Keith, clown, took a benefit on Feb. 23d.....At Newsome's Circus Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., a troupe of Arabs made their first appearance on Feb. 26th.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO-HEADED NIGHTINGALE COMBINATION performed at Worcester, Eng., Feb. 23d.

PROF. ANDERSON was performing at Bristol, Eng., at the date of our latest advices.

AMUSEMENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
ANOTHER GREAT BILL FOR THIS WEEK.
PLENTY OF FUN.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING,
JOHNNY AND JIMMY'S JOYS.
DR. COLTON'S LAUGHING GAS,
THE GREAT QUARTET DANCE,
MEET MY LOVE AT FOUR.
BURKEY DARES.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS.
LA BELLE SAUVAGE.
Brilliant and successful engagement of MRS JOHN WOOD and her LONDON BURLESQUE COMPANY

WHAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY "DOASA."

I've been thinking, and dreaming and thinking,
Of things that to me are most strange;
But though I keep winking and blinking,
It serves only my brain to derange.
I wonder why some men are wealthy
While others are poor as can be,
For, you know, to be poor isn't healthy,
And that's what's the matter with me.

I wonder why bad men are plenty
While good men are hard to be found;
There ain't more than one out of twenty
That you can call honest and sound;
The whole world is intent on deceiving—
You can't believe all that you see—
You hear but of things worth believing,
And that's what's the matter with me.

The women are reading and tearing,
And all that they want is their "rights;"
The right to go round the polls swearing,
And mix in political fights;
They've got diamonds and riches,
Which some of them wear to excess,
But I don't like to see them wear breeches,
And that's what's the matter with me.

And then there's the administration
Succeed in political strife,
While Cuba, and all a whole nation,
To gain wife fighting for life.
By time this chin music was busted,
For Cuba deserves to be free;
With all these I'm getting disgusted,
And that's what's the matter with me.

And then there's that crowd at Geneva,
And won't they have jolly fine times?
But England's a my old deceiver—
She don't want to come down with the dimes.
And though I were lame, blind and crazy,
If to fight they come over the sea
I would be just as fresh as a daisy—
There'd be nothing the matter with me.

OLD BARNCOFE'S WILL;

A STORY TOLD BY AN OLD PLAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY B. B.

Captain Van Vranken, or cap, as we used to call him, was one of the jolliest old fellows that ever lived. He was an inveterate, as well as very skillful whist player, and on the occasion that I have in mind, having won the "rubber," he settled back in his chair with a merry laugh, filled his pipe from the box of Turkish and was soon complacently sending the blue smoke writhing and zigzagging above his head.

"Cap," broke in Aleck Duncan, after we had comfortably disposed ourselves, "let's have a taste of my prime old sherry, all around, and then a story from you."

"Yes, yes, a story, Cap! Give us one of your stories," echoed and re-echoed a dozen voices.

"Give us a love story, a blood and thunder story, or anything else to pass away the time. It's only ten o'clock, and we're good for a couple of hours yet," continued Aleck, at the same time filling up the glasses with the sparkling wine.

The captain tossed off his glass, and then smacked his lips approbatively, like any other *connoisseur*.

"Well, gentlemen, he began, "though upon general principles I am opposed to a man's parading his own saps and mishaps, or trying to convince his fellows that he is a hero, I think I may tell you about an adventure in which I figured rather prominently some years ago. It was in the winter of 18—, that I was filling a season engagement at the K—— theatre, in New Orleans. My line was tragedy, which took better at that time with the educated aristocrats down there, than with our hard working mechanics up here. One night our company made an immense hit, and your most obedient, in particular, had reason to be well satisfied with himself. After the play was over I went in to my little room to enjoy a good cigar. The great theatre was empty and dark, and every sound dropped off into a half dreaming reverie, which was only now and then broken by the rasping snore of the watchman, who had curled himself down behind one of the flats and had fallen into a sleep that bid fair to out do, in point of quality, if not of quantity, that of the comatose Teuton. I had been thus engaged for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, when I was aroused by a shuffling step on the narrow stairway leading to the upper, almost immediately after which a wooly head poked itself into my room. With the outside darkness for a back ground the grinning black face was a ludicrous sight. I looked at it somewhat amused, and, supposing its owner to be one of the horde of beggars by whom we were beset, put my hand into my pocket for a picayune. I was considerably taken aback when he said:—

"It ben't dat, massr, I want; may I come in, massr, De old man, he's a dyin', and I jes' cummed off to fetch you! Will you come, massr? De old man's a dyin' sah!"

I looked at the boy, hardly knowing what to make of his strange conduct, and then told him to come in. After considerable questioning I succeeded in eliciting the fact that he was the sole attendant of an old man by the name of Barncofe, and that his master was dying without friends or medical attendance. I think I am as charitable as the average of men, but I confess that my predilections for the midnight mission to which I was urged by the little darkey were of a very passive character. Why he should have fastened upon *me* I couldn't determine, unless it was in the thought of the contrast. I could hardly refrain from suspecting that somebody sought to make me the victim of one of those infernal outrages that were so common about that time. The boy, however, didn't seem to be capable, either mentally or morally, of playing the deep part of which I had half suspected him, though I couldn't help questioning him as to why he came to me.

"Oh, massr," he said he, looking into my face as appealingly as an honest little darkey could, "I knowed you was a kind gen'lman, and 'ud go if you knowed how bad off the old man was! He's dun gone, suah! I seen you las' night when you was a playin' some of them big plays, and I knowed you was a kind gen'lman. Please, massr, the old man's awful bad off, an' he's got lots."

Somehow, boys, I couldn't resist the entreaties of the little brat, so I went to my wardrobe and got my pocket pistol, intending to be prepared for any emergency, and then told the darkey that I would go with him. We had walked somewhere from a mile and a half to two miles, when we came upon a row of wooden huts, near the outskirts of the city one of which we entered. There was no light, and after the door closed behind me, I had no means of knowing anything about my surroundings until after the darkey had returned with a candle, for which I had sent him, he having to do me that there were none in the house. When I had finally succeeded in getting a light I saw just what I had prepared myself for—a scene of miserable poverty. It was the old story over again. The hut was filthy, and the damp air was redolent of decaying vegetation, that at first was almost unendurable. Upon a bundle of straw, that had been thrown down in the corner, was an old man, half nude and apparently dead. His form was distorted, and everything indicated that he had suffered from violent convulsions. I confess that my nerves were a little shaky, but I went over to him and placed my hand upon his forehead, finding that it was quite warm. I then felt of his pulse, and found that circulation was still going on, though very feebly, and, of course, that life was not quite extinct. Drawing a flask of brandy from my pocket, I poured a small quantity of the liquid into his mouth, and in a few minutes he returned to faint consciousness. His lips moved, but there was no articulation; he feebly raised his hands as if there was something that he wished to communicate.

I remained for very good reason for me to do, but to no avail; his prostration was so complete that he was unable to write, and I could not comprehend his vague signs. It was but a few minutes that I had in which to learn what, if anything, it was that he wanted to say, for the convulsion speedily returned. It was a brief struggle, though it seemed of hours' duration to me. He writhed and roared like a strong man in the throes with the grim angel. I was looking upon him intently, expecting that every moment would be his last, when, by a spasmodic effort, as if summoning all his strength, he raised himself, and outstretching his arm toward the opposite wall, hoarsely exclaimed:—"Look! look! heaven's sake, look!" and then fell back a dead man.

I'm not a superstitious man, but the events of the night had thrown me into a state of high excitement. I had read of many such scenes, but I had never *known* what they were. I waited at the hut about a half an hour after he died, and then securely fastening the windows and door, went to my hotel, taking the darkey with me, he being too much frightened to be of any service as a watcher. I went to bed but couldn't sleep. Hour after hour, sometime after he had stood in that grim beam through my window, I lay there and thought over the whole affair, and the more I thought of it the stranger it seemed. I felt that it was something of more than ordinary importance that the old man had tried so hard to communicate to me. The next day dawned clear and bright, and he was buried decently. All day long, his last words rang in my ears, and I could see his dark, gaunt outstretched as it had been on the night before. I couldn't drive the subject from my mind, nor could I—as I tried to do—convince myself that he was insane, and that his words and signs were meaningless. That night I went through the play mechanically. The next morning I resolved to unlock the hut by the key that I had taken, I carefully surveyed the premises and then made an examination of that part of the wall to which he had pointed. I had more than half believed that I should discover upon it some writing that would explain the whole matter, but in this I was mistaken. The plastering was loose, and, without much difficulty, I removed it by fragments with my hand, commencing at the floor and working upward until I had taken off a strip about a couple of feet wide and four or five feet long, and until I came upon what seemed to be a shelf, between the two upright supports under he plastering. I hurriedly removed enough to enable me to get at the top of the shelf, where I found a small tin box, the feeling of which I then knew the old man had tried to reveal to me. It was the work of but a few minutes to get the cover off that box and to solve the problem that had bothered me not a little. In the box I found a rolled sheet of paper, the half obliterated writing upon which I could scarcely read in the dim light that struggled in through the dirty window pane. The paper tells its own story. The captain cleared his throat and then read from a soiled document that he had taken from his pocket:—

"In the name of Almighty God, Amen. I, Jared Barncofe, in the grace of God, of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament. To no man have I aught to leave that I owe the Almighty, it does not concern this world to know. I give, devise and bequeath all my property, which amounts to about $14,000 in gold, to the person to whom I shall reveal the place where this paper will be hidden, to have and to hold in trust for my only child, Theresa Barncofe, now known to be alive and in some northern city. God only knows which. I request that the trustee hereby appointed use every effort to find my poor child, and that as speedily as may be, but not to the sacrifice of the property devised hereby. I further request that he will provide her with the proceeds which her father could not give her.

Dated New Orleans, La., Dec 20th, 18—. JARED BARNCOFE.

This instrument, continued the captain, was evidently written by the old man. You will observe that it was not executed in the presence of witnesses, and that it names no executor. Upon the back of it was a letter, which seemed to throw a little, and but little light upon the matter. It ran like this:—

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 20th, 18—.

I—The great secret of my life it does not concern you nor the world to know. For so long years it has been buried in my own breast, sacred by no moral. Let it suffice but to one short page in my long life was it known. I, and I alone, have had the memento for all time, and perhaps for eternity. But I have been guilty of no crime. There was a time when I had a beautiful home, friends and a proud station. Year! Jared Barncofe, to whom for years the world has given nothing for credit and perhaps hardly a doubt but that they do it, and I remember them only as a hungry creditor of my whole life, with bitterness. My house also was destroyed by my friends—proved me, and I fled to where I am now—and still he, who will not even curse home who have wronged me. I have a child a pure beautiful girl as she was, as far as I or her but I wish this. I crave her to be alive, though whether she or her I know not. She is more than called my wife took her from me when we parted, and I have not seen her since. Seek her out; go to the interment ground of the earth, embrace her but ever, while and give her a father's blessing. Her father loved her—loved her tenderly. I am not a murderer—do not what you think—and what I have will be sufficient to maintain her in that social station to which she is entitled by birth. Remove the third board from the southeast corner of this room, and you will find an iron box, in which are securities to about the amount of $13,000 in gold. God grant that you are an honest man, and that my poor, poor injured child will receive her own.

J. B."

After the captain had finished reading, he looked at the paper meditatively for a couple of minutes, and then folding it, put it into his side pocket.

Well, he continued, when I found the box of treasure I felt strangely, I assure you. The possessor of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in clean money, with nobody to wreet it from me if I chose to keep it. I won't say that I was not tempted—most men would have been. That night was my last at the K—— Theatre, for, after complying with certain legal formalities, I started for the North. At all the large cities along my route I made diligent but fruitless search. I caused advertisements to be published in all of the widely circulated papers, being determined to execute the provisions of the will to the very letter. At New York I engaged the services of a couple of sharp detectives, by whose aid I hoped to be successful. They had been at work about a week without having accomplished anything, when I received a letter, enclosing one of the many advertisements that I had caused to be published, and informing me that the person I sought was residing with her mother, at No. — D—— street, in Cincinnati. Without consulting my detective agents, but only telling them my address by mail, I made a quick trip to that city. At about two o'clock in the afternoon after my arrival, I called a cab, which soon set me down in front of an elegant brown stone residence, upon one of the heavy mahogany doors of which was a massive silver plate, bearing the name "*Coolbaugh.*" I'm not much at moralizing, but I confess to some misgivings as I gave the door bell a jerk that made it ring as though the house contemplating were at it. The conviction that my unsought trust was about to be finally discharged forced upon my mind, in those few moments, a chain of thoughts that seldom disturb a man even once in a lifet me. Well, I was ushered into a richly furnished parlor, where, after about fifteen minutes I was waited upon by an elderly woman who, after I had made myself known to her, informed me that she was Mrs. Coolbaugh and the mother of Theresa, the heiress of Jared Barncofe. With considerably more minuteness than I had expected, she related to me the strange story of her first marriage and the succeeding events, though I could see that, although she had told me much, there was yet that which she had neither told me, and concerning which I had no right to enquire. Suffice it to say that before I left the house I was introduced to the young heiress, and that everything was arranged for a speedy transfer of the property to her. On my return to my hotel I went up to my room to enjoy a cigar, and more, perhaps, to determine upon my future course, which I believed would run on in the same old channel as before, now that I had fully performed my duty to old Barncofe and his child, and that in a few months I should be upon the boards again, perhaps forgotten by those to whose wealth I had added no mean portion. Thus thinking, I had been engaged for perhaps half an hour, when I was aroused by the abrupt entrance of a waiter with a telegram addressed to me. Tearing open the envelope I read:—

"*We have found her. Sewing girl. Come without delay.*"

It was dated at New York and was signed by one of my detective agents. At first I was very much perplexed, but when I thought of the proof that had been offered that the young woman whose claims I had acknowledged was the child of Jared Barncofe, I concluded that the detectives had got upon the wrong track. The summons for my return was, however, peremptory, and so after thinking awhile I determined to apply the funeral maggin of the receipt of the message and then go to New York, where the error of my agents would, doubtless, be made apparent. Somewhat to my surprise, I confess, my plan to return met with stubborn opposition from them.

"Really, sir," said the lady, "you will appreciate the position in which we are placed, and realize that we cannot permit your departure."

Vainly she argued, urged and entreated, for I saw no other way open to me than the one I proposed.

"But, sir," said she, becoming somewhat excited, "I tell you we cannot permit so preposterous a thing. You will not, I am sure, consider me ungenerous if I say that you are a stranger to us, and that my daughter's interests are too nearly concerned for us to listen to any such plan as you propose—the execution of which *might* rob her of the property that belongs to her under her father's will!"

"But, madam," said I, "you certainly have sufficient guarantee of my honesty in the fact that I have used every endeavor to find the true heir to this property. Had I been so disposed, you would never have known of the fate of your husband, much less of the disposition he made of his property. A rival claimant presents herself, and I know of no reason why the same fairness should be denied her that has been extended to your daughter."

"She is *an imposter*, a cheat, a low born adventuress; she *shall not* rob my daughter sir! You shall not go. You shall not, sir!" replied the woman suddenly becoming almost livid with unrestrained anger.

Vainly I expostulated and reasoned that no course lay open for me but the one I proposed. She was incorrigible and stubborn, as an angry woman always is, and I was driven to tell her that, whatever might be her wishes in the matter, I should execute my purpose, with every regard, however, for the claim in the interests of her daughter.

"You *shall not* leave this house, sir, until that money is in *my* hands," said she. "No miserable adventuress shall rob *my* daughter—so long as *I* live!" That the woman's mad was up I clearly saw, and so I turned upon my heel to leave the house.

"Stand, sir!" she screamed. "John Coolbaugh, shoot that man if he attempts to leave the room. Shoot him! shoot him!"

As she said this my eye fell upon a man standing in the doorway, pistol in hand, leveled at me.

"Be seated, sir," he said. *Remember that dead men tell no tales.*"

This riled me badly, and stirred up all the dogs of wickedness that were in me. I forgot to be afraid.

"Ha! ha! so that's your game is it," said I, at the same time snatching a pistol from my side pocket. "I'll play the hand without a new deal." I had scarcely finished speaking when he fired. The ball whizzed by my ear into the wall beyond. Almost at the same instant I raised my pistol and fired at him. Throwing up his arms he fell back upon the floor, and I sprang over him and rushed from the house. My first act after I had become somewhat calm, was to telegraph my detective agents. Regarding my own safety I next sought the public prosecutor, to whom I submitted an account of the affray and the causes that had led to it, and who gave me such legal advice as the case seemed to require. John Coolbaugh was severely wounded, and after suffering for several days, he died. Just before he breathed his last, a message was placed in my hand by one of his servants, requesting that I call without delay, as there was something that he wished to communicate to me before he died, accompanied by a magistrate. I made all haste to his bedside. He was a pitiable object, indeed, and, from my very heart, I forgave him his attempt to take my life. His cheek was blanched and I could see that his strength had left him, and that the curtain must soon fall. As I entered, he feebly raised his head to me and then signalled his attendants from the room. When I had complied with his request, he began to unfold the story of his life, which was indeed a most eventful one. He told me of the marriage of his wife with Jared Barncofe, of the birth of a child, of the separation, divorce, and of his finally marrying her.

"And now," he continued, "I have come to that part which you have a right to know. I can't die with murder on my soul, to curse me forever. Jared Barncofe's daughter is still alive and in New York. The young man whom you have believed to be her *is my own daughter.* Both the children are of the same mother, but my child has no claim to the property. I have told all, and may God Almighty have mercy on me, for I can't hold out long."

There's little more to be told of my story. I returned to New York and found that the sewing girl and the heiress were also of the same person; but that wasn't all, for though the property was promptly transferred to her, we were unable to agree upon my compensation. The matter was under negotiation for several months, and finally resulted in my taking the whole, heiress and all. We've been married now upwards of twenty years and I haven't yet had cause to regret setting my figures so high.

SHOW AGENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY A COMMERCIAL AGENT.

The life of a commercial agent, termed by some, "drummers," and that of a show agent are, to a certain extent, alike, at least there is a sort of "Bohemianism" cultivated in the lives of both. During my twelve years of travel for one house in New York I have been thrown in contact with a great many *genial couriers;* in fact, I believe I know every man in the business, and sometimes imagine I am a showman myself. So familiar have I become with their ways that I have cultivated a taste for the profession, and, to satiate my fondness for it, I weekly read the CLIPPER for several reasons, principally to keep in view the whereabouts of the acquaintances I have formed.

My first introduction to the representatives of the "paste brigade" was with Sam. Pond, years ago, while he was agent for Dupree and Green's Minstrels. We met so frequently all over the country that he seemed like a "friend of my boyhood." I became greatly attached to Mr. Pond and sadly regretted the announcement of his death. E. P. Kendal, another of the "old timers;" I made his acquaintance while he was agent for Carter's Zouave Troupe, and always found him an agreeable gentleman to associate with. D. R. Hodges I have met for years all over the country, and ever found him a genial associate. I last met him in Baltimore, when he was agent for the "Japs." I knew C. C. Chase years ago, when he was with the Peak family; afterwards I met him when he was looking to the interests of Kelly and Leon. He was then in bad health. I recommended his changing from such hard labor, and assured him I would procure a situation for him in a commercial house, but he remarked that he "didn't think he had long to stay and didn't want to get used to a new business." Soon after he died, but his memory will long live with me. N. D. Roberts is an agent of quick business perceptions, thorough in action and conscientious in motives. I first became acquainted with him during the co-partnership of New comb and Arlington; I afterwards met him as manager of "Chang," the Chinese giant. Claude De Haven I knew when he was an actor, and, since he has turned his attention to advertising companies, have met him in several cities. I once met him in Chicago, while he was agent for Mr. Prescott, who was then running the "Two Headed Girl." They were exhibiting in the above city for a week, and a day after dinner De Haven and myself were standing in front of the hotel, when our attention was arrested by the sound of a brass band. De Haven remarked:—"Now I'll get in my work." So, calling his programme man, he directed him to distribute bills to the crowd. His man replied:—"That's a *funeral* procession." "So much the better, it will make a greater impression," replied De Haven. His man seemed ill to comply with his demand, when De Haven took an immense bundle of bills, stationed himself on the corner and *actually distributed programmes to a funeral procession,* and upon the band's return from the cemetery he got them to play in front of Library Hall. The experiment caused great surprise; indignation by some, merriment from others, and was the means of filling the hall to its utmost capacity. Gus. T. Arown and he, then on their way to California, called in soon after.

I met Sid Stevens in Harrisburg when I was agent for "Old" Dan Rice, and a right merry time we had at the Jones House, where the proprietor, Mr. Thomas Farley, knows how to make it lively for the boys. George Rosco is another agreeable gentleman and an ornament to the profession. I made his acquaintance while he ran the stage at Cooney's in Chicago and subsequently when he was agent for the Hamblin Brothers' Minstrels. Charley Melville is one of my "pet" friends. Ever genial and ever sober. I met Wm. Post, Jr., in Pittsburgh some years ago; he had trouble with the bill poster and resolved to bill the town himself. So he rented the vacant space near Allegheny bridge, erected a large bill board and covered it with elegant paper. John Tibbets came along with a previous lease of the ground and before he was a half hour from the time of erection the bill board was level with the street. I believe Post "jumped" the town. Charles Keeshin, of Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels, is another quiet and honorable gentleman to do business with, and always leaves a good name. Mart Townsend is a faithful man, but very "ballsomish" in his ideas, and has a hoop skirt marked on his forehead. I like Mark, for he always chews good tobacco. He knows how to pronounce "quinquepatrii" by heart. Daily I meet "Jonny Nevosmers," and some of them assume more knowledge of the ousines than those who have been in it for years. The other day I met one who was advertising a menagerie, and was conveying to me his great intelligence. I asked him about some of the old boys whom he knew nothing of, just for a "guy." I enquired how long he had been in the business. He very pompously replied, "six weeks." That settled him with me. My experience with performers has been as great as with agents, and in my next "epistle" I will mention some pleasant associations with actors, both aremic and dramatic.

THE BEGGARMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY G. DOHERTY.

Of what is the beggarman thinking, as he leans on his old oaken staff,
When you see his sad face and torn garments, oh how can you chuckle and laugh?
Perhaps the poor fellow is wishing he was into eternity hurled,
And longs in the grave to be lying, away from this cold hearted world.

He could once run a race with the wild deer, up the hill or along the ravine,
And he was the pride of the party when he joined in the dance on the green;
He once was a light hearted school boy, as happy as happy could be,
But misfortune, at last, came upon him, and brought him to what you now see.

In his young days he sailed on a frigate, and served many years at the mast;
That old man has seen many countries, and through dangers and storms he has passed:
He served in great Buonaparte's army, and in many a dreadful assault;
He was always foremost in danger, and first o'er the breastworks to vault.

His friends and companions were many, when he was both hardy and strong,
But he's now in the land of the stranger, with no one to cheer him along;
Then don't laugh at the feeble old pauper; who knows what we're destined to be?
We may yet be as poor and as friendless as the beggar that stands by the tree.

* This old man is seen daily in Boston Common, with a little bundle of ballads in his hand; he wears around his neck the Cross of the Legion of Honor that he received from Napoleon I.

THE DEATH OF THE PUMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One morning, when it was my watch on deck, soon after dawn, the cheery sound was heard of "Land on the starboard bow!" I looked out, and as daylight increased there appeared, as if rising out of the ocean in their desolate grandeur, capped with snow and towering high above the clouds, the lofty summits of a range of mountains tending away north and south, as far as the eye could reach. They were the great Cordilleras. We were favored with a fresh breeze. Full sixty miles were gone over from the time those snowy peaks were first seen till we reached Valparaiso, far away down at their base. The town of Valparaiso is very irregularly built, at the bottom of valleys, on the tops of hills, and in their steep and sometimes rugged sides rising directly out of the blue ocean, with a succession of range after range of lofty mountains behind it, the Cordilleras towering in the background beyond. Having obtained leave on shore, I, with four others of our ship's company, together with the "cabin boy" to assist in carrying our cloaks, provisions, &c., jumped on shore and made our way towards the mountains, with the intention of having some good sport among the guanacoes. We engaged two calaches, rattle traps, vehicles like two wheeled wagons, with hoods to them, to carry us to Santiago, the capital of Chili. One was in front, a shafter, and another, one rear side, was ridden by a postilion, on a high peaked saddle, with a long knife at the saddle bow, he being dressed with a straw hat, over a silk handkerchief tied round his head, and the ends hanging down behind a short jacket, coarse pantaloons, high boots, and huge spurs, that had the appearance of having once belonged to his great-great-grandfather, constituted the remainder of his apparel. A few of the leading roads are very good in Chili. Santiago stands 1,700 feet above the level of the sea.

Leaving the last-named place, we proceeded towards the Cordilleras, to a spot known as the snow bank, whence Santiago is regularly supplied with snow all the year round. At the capital we fell in with an American sailor, who, having taken a fancy to a Chili girl, had married her and settled down for life. He volunteered to accompany us, not only as our guide, but also as interpreter. From his services we found great benefit. Leaving our conveyances at a small "rancho," or farm house, we set off with our guns, the boy and the guide carrying most of our provisions, &c., although we all had a share. The scenery was wild and grand in the extreme consisting of the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, of rugged heights and glens, giving place, with the ascent, to vast forests of cheer down many hundred feet below us. We had not gone far before we came to a suspension bridge made of hides, cut into strips and twisted together, thrown across a fearful gorge. Bundles of sticks placed on ropes formed the road; some hundred feet below the foaming torrent rushed at an awful rate, sweeping everything before it. Passing over the bridge, we soon came to a wide valley, on the sides of which, far up on the mountains, we descried a large number of guanacoes. Our second mate, my "companion in arms" on all such occasions, myself and the boy, were in the rear of the rest of the party and took a right direction, while they inclined to the left, up the mountain sides. Having paid attention to the proper loading of our guns, we advanced under cover of large rocks and bushes on the guanacoes. The boy having at this time all our provisions, cloaks, etc., soon became blown, so we advised him to take his time, but, if possible, not to lose sight of us. Now that we could proceed much quicker, we soon came upon the nearest herd of guanacoes. But, with all the caution we used, they became aware of our approach, and before we could get within gun shot of them, they scampered off at a tremendous pace up the mountain, with their heads erect, very much resembling the common stag. Concealing ourselves as much as possible, we gave chase, but soon came to another herd, that looked like giving us less trouble to get near them. Following our previous plan, we concealed ourselves behind a large gulley tree, until we came within two hundred yards of them, when, having nothing else between us and the animals, we walked deliberately towards them. We managed to get within fifty paces before the last one took fright, when, bringing our pieces to the shoulder, crack! crack! was the report.

Faster than ever went the guanacoes, with the exception of one, who, giving a leap nearly two yards from the ground, fell like a lump of lead. Knowing that both balls struck, we watched the herd, when shortly we saw another guanacoe holding out "signals of distress." In a few minutes he staggered forward and fell. He was no sooner down than he was up again. We gave chase. He tried hard to get away, but failed. His leg was broken. Several times he fell, and again, when getting within two paces, I fired, lodging a ball in his head. But now that we had killed two of the much coveted guanacoes, how were we to carry them? for each animal was fully four feet in height, six or eight feet long and weighing not less than one hundred and forty pounds. With some difficulty we were carrying, or, rather, dragging the guanaco last killed to the place where the first killed lay, but before we reached there, the best of the party should come in sight, when, with their combined assistance, we might carry off our prizes in triumph.

Being under cover of a thick cactus from view of the animal first shot, what was our astonishment, at getting clear of it, to behold a very large puma making towards it, and evidently bent upon having a feed thereon. He was a wonderfully large fellow, and was too much occupied to notice our approach, but, sizing the guanaco in his capacious mouth, he soon had it half way across his shoulder and was making off with it. Being too much occupied with our game, we had neglected re-loading our guns; the consequence was that he got some distance away before we could load. All being in readiness, we were determined not to lose our game so easily, if we could possibly help it, and followed after him as fast as we could. Finding that he was out of our sight, he had halted behind a large rock; but no sooner did he catch sight of us, and before we could get near enough to fire, than he was off. To have kept up the chase, we found, would only have been a waste of time and trouble. He certainly could not have been very hungry, or he would not have given up the animal upon such easy terms. Not feeling disposed to "take it out in thirst," without assistance, we took our knives out and cut some fine sticks from the nearest guanaco, sufficient for the whole of our party. Feeling "kind of peckish," we proposed retracing our steps, and looking for the lad with the "prog" baskets. He was one of those "old fashioned boys," so often known as "old mother Cummings' boys," and, as he had not taken part in the sport, we left him to the tender mercies of the fair sex. Twenty years or ago. We searched for him, but all in vain, he was not to be found. No old mother Cummings' boy nor no "prog" baskets could we find. We shouted at the top of our voices, but no one replied to it—the sounds seemed lost in the vast solitudes that surrounded us.

The valley lay far below us, with steep precipices and roaring torrents, with rocks and shrubs scattered about, and high above us, wild, jagged peaks and snow-covered mountain tops. We had gone on some way further, when suddenly my companion laid his hand on my arm. At about one hundred yards in front of us was either the same or another puma. His mode of traveling indicated that just then he was evidently bent on mischief. Using the utmost caution, that he might not see us approaching, with inclined bodies we broke into a kind of "jog-trot," and came up with him just as he was about to make a spring upon an object, when, leveling our guns, we fired upon him. He gave a fearful roar and fell within a few feet of the object he had in view. Reloading our guns immediately, we advanced still closer. At the same time he sprang up and made another fearful effort to seize his prey. The ball I fired at him had broken his jaw. Just below where the puma was crouching down, ready to make his fatal spring, lay the form of the lad; but whether he was dead asleep, or fainting, was impossible to tell. No time was lost. The effect of my second shot wounded him in the shoulder, and he fell again on top of the last, who, having been disturbed by the noise, had got up, and was looking about him. The puma at last thrust in the chest, it penetrated to the animal's heart, when he rolled over, giving a few spasmodic clutches with his claws, and with a snarl, expired. More frightened than hurt, the lad got up and explained to us the cause of his mishap. Having lost sight of us, he had sat down, and overcome by the heat of the sun, had fallen asleep.

It was now getting late in the day, and after marking the place where the puma lay, we agreed to return to the bottom of the valley and try and find our companions. That we might have a whole day's sport in the mountains, it had been arranged that we should bivouac in the valley and not commence our return till the following morning. We made a good search for the rest of our companions, but without success. We fired off our guns, but got no answer in return. We began to feel some uneasiness as to their safety, for the Araucanian Indians had been known to make incursions into the provinces from the south and to attack farm houses and even villages. The thought struck us that, if they had not met with bad luck with wild animals, they must have fallen into the hands of these bandits. Having taken some refreshment, we set to work to collect sufficient fuel for the fire during the night's encampment. We had selected a spot under a high rock, which would protect us from the prevailing winds. After we had made up a bonny fire we wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and taking turns in keeping watch, we commenced to call on the goddess of sleep. We had not been settled down many minutes before we heard the sound of voices proceeding from the rest of our party, who had been attracted by the flames from our fire, and calculated that we must be in the place where they lastly bound us. They soon came up to where we were encamped, loaded with all kinds of sport, except a puma. We cooked some more steaks of the guanaco, and after the repast was over we collected more closely round the fire, and knocking the neck off of a bottle of brandy, success was drank to the day's sport."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES LUXURIATES UPON A MESS OF FROGS.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Where hav' you been keeping yourself this last twenty-four hours, Mr. Bones? I trust nothing has gone wrong with you since we last met.

BONES.—Been keepin' *shady over* to de house. Fact is, I been werry sick.

INT.—Sick? That's bad. But I hope you have recovered.

BONES.—O, yes. Can't *keep me* down long. You know my great *reppersenty* for tryin' chrysting fish's now. Well, dere's dat *superannuated old Frenchman* dat keeps de *rooserrant*—he hain't had in a fresh lot o' frogs for his customers. Had 'em in a globe on his counter. Tinks I, I'll order a few, just to see what dey tastes like. He laugh and fotch me one in a tumbler. "How you eat de dam frags?" says I. "Eat 'em raw, just like you would oysters," says he. Wid dat I ketch up Mister Frog, shut my eyes, make one gulp, and down he go. Felt as if I'd swallowed a bar of soap. Frog didn't seem to like it no more'n I did. Gollry, if I wasn't sick! Run de feller wouldn't come to, and so I went right up stairs, lay down and hope dat de frog was pooty well cleaned out. Den I gib him a dose of old Jamaica, and dat seem to make him quiet. Well time by I feel sort of sleepy, and tinks I, I'll lay down and take a nap. When I woke up I felt kind o' queer about de head, and de frog went I look down, and blest if dere wasn't dat same identical frog, settin' on my stummick. Eat his way out, and sot dere on his hunkers, watchin' de 'Feet of de operation.' When he sees me wakin' what does he do but wink at me in a sort of knowing way, gibs one gulp, and hops onto de floor as lively as if he'd neber been fotched. Just at dat moment de cat come up and finished him.

INT.—Serves you right, sir, for undertaking to transmogrify yourself into a Frenchman. Hereafter, always boil a frog before you eat it. And now, sir, since the conversation has taken a gastronomic turn, what sort of fish do you suppose the arch enemy of mankind prefers the way of a delicacy?

BONES.—Dobbi fish, of course.

INT.—Wrong, sir. He gives the preference to *fried soles.*

BONES.—Well, den, Bossy, what you s'pose he take to wash it down?

INT.—I confess you are too much for me there, sir.

BONES.—Raw *spirits.* You know what kind of fish I'm most fond eat of at dis season? *Shades,* of course.

INT.—I guess we'll let you state them, while we listen to our silvery-voiced tenor as he sings his latest ballad.

I'M NOT ANGRY

ANSWER TO "DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING"

Respectfully inscribed to W. Draper, of Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels.

BY OWEN A. WILSON, JR.

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

'Tis no thought of anger dearest,
Though from my eyes such thoughts may borrow,
But the mem'ries that are seething
O'er my restless spirit now;
Yet I'll smile, strive to be merry,
Only trust believe me, dearest,
I'm not angry now with thee.

Chorus—'Tis no thought of anger, dearest, etc.

'Tis no thought of anger, dearest,
Checks the tones of mirth and cheer,
Stays the flood of joyous music,
And disdia the rising tear;
Tho' my gentle words are cold and careless,
And my voice has lost its grace,
Only trust, believe me, dearest,
I'm not angry now with thee.

Chorus—'Tis no thought of anger, dearest, etc.

'Tis no thought of anger, dearest,
Casts this sadness, drear alone,
Chills my lips' responsive murmurs
To the whispers of thine own;
Tho' my hand clasps fast and chilling,
And dark shadows cloud my brow,
Only trust, believe me, dearest,
I'm not angry with thee now!

Chorus—'Tis no thought of anger, dearest, etc.

THE PLAY IN ENGLAND SIXTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

THEATRE ROYAL.

This present evening, WEDNESDAY, March 3, 1808, will be presented Coleman's play (interspersed with songs and choruses) of

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

Octavian	Mr. Young
Virolet	Mr. Vining
Kilmal ock	Mr. Trueman
Roque	Mr. Bryan
Lope Tocho	Mr. Davis
Bulcazen Muley	Mr. Archer

Genora	Mr. Brown
Isadi	Mr. Berry
Zoraida	Miss Waston
Florantze	Mrs. Waring
Agnes	Mrs. W. Penson

To which will be added, first time, a Grand Melo-drama (as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, unbounded applause), with entire New Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations, &c., &c., called

TEKELI; OR, THE SIEGE OF MONTGATZ.

Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. The overture and music entirely new, and composed by Mr. Hook, senior. The scenery designed and executed by Mr. Jackson. Produced under the direction of Mr. Vining.

HUNGARIANS.

Count Tekeli, Mr. Mansel; Wolf (his Friend), Mr. Evatt; Conrad (the Miller), Mr. Archer; Isicore, Mr. Berry; Frank, Mr. Watson; Alexina (the Heroine of Montgatz), Mrs. Waring; Chris tine, Mrs. W. Penson. Ladies, Misses Arnold, Arner, Berry, Willoughby and Misses Charteris, Eyreby, &c., &c.

AUSTRIANS.

Count Caraffa (the General), Mr. Shaw; Edmund (his Lieutenant), Mr. Brown; Brae de Fer, Mr. Rock; Maurice, Mr. Vining; Dragoons, Messrs. Forrest and Davis. Peasants, Millers, Soldiers, Banner Bearers, &c., &c.

In Act II a Pas Seul by Mrs. Vining.

PRINCIPAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—A Midnight Storm in the Forest of Montgatz, where Tekeli and Wolf are concealed in a Tree. Their Escape from the Fire of an Austrian Picket sent in search of them, and Tekeli's Fight with an Austrian Soldier. Sun Rise. Peasants going to a Wedding; their Relief and Protection of Tekeli and Wolf, &c., &c.

ACT II.—The Inside of the Barn of Keben. The Windmill and Waterfall are Seen at Work. The Bridge over the River Gorza, and the Castle and Forts as of Montgatz in the Distance. The Wedding, Dancing, Singing, &c. Tekeli's Concealment in a Cask. His various Perils and Escapes from the Outpost stationed at the Mill, till arrived safe at the Castle of Wolf. The March of the Austrian General and his Soldiers across the Bridge, &c., &c., &c.

ACT III.—The Hall of Audience in the Castle of Montgatz. Ceremony of Arming the Empress. The Austrian Ambassador received in State. Procession of the Court and Council. The large Gothic Windows of painted glass, which are thrown open, and the Hungarian Soldiery discovered on the Ramparts of the Castle. March of the Empress. Blow Up of a Mine. Storming of the Castle. General Engagement and final Triumph of the Hungarian Arms.

On Thursday the Honeymoon.—Duke of Aranza, Mr. Young; Juliana, Mrs. Young.

NEW JE-RU-SAL-EM.

BANJO SOLO.

Dedicated to Mr. John Forbes, of Fox's American Varieties, of Philadelphia.

BY PHIL. H. MOWAEY.

O, white folks, just listen unto my tale of woe;
I'll tell you how I left my home in Jer-u-sal-em ago:
I fell in lub with

sible for the safe keeping of his uniform, and be required to keep it clean and in good order at all times. If the uniform is destroyed or lost by any cards, except on the part of a player, the expense of procuring a new one will be charged to his account. No member will be allowed to use the uniform of another member without the permission of the owner.

3 Each.—Members of the club will be paid their dues by the treasurer on the 1st and 15th of each month; but in no case will they be paid in excess of salary, nor will any order be recognized by the treasurer.

The Mutual Club have also adopted a code of rules somewhat similar to the above.

THE AMATEUR CONVENTION.

Last December the National Association of Amateur Base Ball Players held its first annual convention at Masonic Hall, this city. Though quite a number of clubs were represented, as there were not a sufficient number to make a constitutional quorum, it was resolved to adjourn to March 13th, 1872, in the hope of a larger attendance. Though the call issued by President Bush for their spring meeting was widely published, the attendance was not up to the required number of association clubs, and, as it was useless to still further postpone action, the meeting adjourned *sine die*, immediately after the adjournment the same presiding officers called a new meeting to order, and under this call the business transacted was just the same as if the delegates had met to organize a new association, the object of the adjournment, and the calling to order again being simply to get over the clause in the constitution which required eleven clubs to constitute a quorum.

The second meeting was called to order by Mr. H. Jewell, of the Excelsior Club, who presided at the previous meeting, in the absence of President Bush, Mr. Jewell being first vice president of the Amateur Association. He was assisted by Mr. Sterling, of the Star Club, as secretary *pro tem.*, and by the treasurer, Mr. A. Thacher, of the Olympic Club. On calling the roll the following clubs were found to be duly represented:—

Alert, of South Orange, N. J.—P. McAbe, J. L. Cameron.
Brown University, of Providence, R. I.—J. P. Earle.
Champion, of Jersey City.—F. B. Wood.
Clipper, of Illion, N. Y.—No delegates.
Dramatic, of New York.—F. W. Hotele.
Excelsior, of Brooklyn.—F. Oliver, W. H. Marha.
Harvard, of Cambridge.—A. McBush.
Jasper, of Manhattan College.—J. B. Fisher, P. J. Carroll.
Knickerbocker, of New York.—J. W. Davis B. H. Hinsdale.
Mansfield, of Middletown.—S. Douglass, Jr., Wm. Ratcliff.
Olympic, of Philadelphia.—A. Thacher.
Resolute, of Elizabeth, N. J.—James Gale.
Rose Hill, of St. John's College, Fordham.—A. J. Cameron, O. C. Martin.
Rose Hill, of Waterbury, Conn.—E Sullivan, E. Maher.
Star, of Brooklyn.—J. Sterling, G. W. Loseli.
Silver Star, of New York.—Alex. P. Waugh, James Donohoe.
Tecumseh, of Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.—T. G. Pearce, G. W. Smith.
Yale, of Yale College, New Haven.—C. Deming.

After calling the roll and ascertaining that sixteen clubs were represented, on motion, the chairman was authorized to appoint a committee on constitution and by-laws to report forthwith, whereupon Messrs. Hinsdale, Lowell and Cameron were named, and they retired to consult, and in a short time reported in favor of readopting the constitution of the previous Amateur Association, with the amendments striking out the word eleven in section 4 of the fourth article, and leaving out the whole of the eleventh article, the latter being done in order to admit of amendments being made to the constitution at that meeting. The committee's report was adopted, and as the new constitution called for the election of officers directly after its adoption, such election was proceeded with, and the following were chosen officers of the Association for 1872:—

President, F. B. Wood, of Champion Club of Jersey City; first vice-president, P. McCabe, of the Alert Club of Seton Hall; second vice-president, T. A. E. Smith, of Mansfield Club, Middletown, Conn.; secretary, Chas. P. Waugh, of Silver Star Club of New York; treasurer, A. Thatcher, of the Olympic Club of Philadelphia. A vote of thanks was then tendered the retiring officers.

After the chair, on motion, appointed a committee to draft a code of playing rules, and Mr. Chadwick, the late chairman of the old National Association being present, was invited by the President to join the committee. After a brief consultation they reported in favor of adopting the Professional Association's code of playing rules, with the following exceptions and additions.

Section 7 of Rule Fifth, of the professional code was replaced by the appended:—

Sec. 7. In playing all matches, nine players from each club shall constitute a full field and they shall be members of the club which they represent. They also must have been members of such other club, in or out of the National Association of Amateur Players—college club nines, composed of actual students, excepted—for sixty days immediately prior to the match. Every player taking part in a regular match game, no matter what number of innings are played, shall be, in the meaning of this section of the rule, considered a member of the club he plays with.

Section 9, of the same rule and code, was replaced by the following:

Sec. 9. All series of games played between clubs belonging to this association must be completed before November 1st of each year and the club refusing to complete their regular series before such date shall forfeit such incomplete series.

And the appended section was added to Rule Fifth:—

Sec. 11. No person who shall be in arrears to any other club than the one he plays with, or who shall at any time receive compensation for his services as a player, shall be competent to play in any match game. All players who play base ball for prizes, emolument or money, shall be regarded as professional players; and no professional player shall take part in any match game, and any club giving any compensation to a player, or having to their knowledge a player in their nine playing in a match for compensation, shall be debarred from membership in this association.

The above section is a standing rule in the amateur association as it expressly defines the distinction between the two classes of the fraternity. Several amendments were then made to the constitution, including the prohibition of proxy voting, which was in the original constitution, but had been left out of the "official" book by mistake. Amendments were also made, providing that the committees on rules and judiciary should each consist of five members, three of which shall constitute a quorum; that the printing committee shall consist of the president, treasurer and secretary, and that the annual meeting shall take place in March. On motion of Mr. Sterling, a judge advocate was added to the list of officers, and a new rule adopted defining the judge advocate's duties, which, if properly carried out, cannot but benefit the base ball playing fraternity, and it is made his duty to bring all infringements of the rules by any club in the association before the judiciary committee, and to prosecute the offenders. To this responsible position Mr. J. H. Hinsdale, of the Knickerbockers, of New York, was unanimously elected.

On motion of Mr. Sterling, the offer of Mr. De Witt to publish the constitution, by-laws and proceedings of the convention in his book and to furnish each club represented at the convention with 25 copies gratuitously, was accepted, and the secretary was authorized to send papers and documents to Mr. De Witt and to certify to the official character of the work.

On motion, it was resolved that when the convention adjourn they do so to meet in New York on the second Wednesday of December, 1872.

The delegates are to be complimented upon the celerity and business like manner which characterized their session and especially for the good feeling and harmony which prevailed. A noteworthy feature of the meeting was the presence of so many delegates from college clubs. Harvard, Yale, Brown University, St. John's College and Seton Hall being duly represented, the delegation in question being a larger one than has ever attended a convention before. The Amateur Association may now be regarded as a permanently established institution, and it will not only be the representative organization of the amateur clubs of the Middle States, but the leading amateur organization of the entire country. Clubs were represented at this meeting from the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is to be hoped that every regular amateur club in the above states will immediately apply to the secretary for provisionary membership. The dues are merely nominal—only two dollars.

A word to amateurs before closing our report. Stick to your own association. Keep it up as an organization and prepare to have it take the prominent stand as the association of the country.

RENO vs. ACTIVE.

Below we present the score of a game played by the above-named clubs at San Francisco, Cal., on March 3d:—

Reno.	R.	Active.	R.
Hennessey, 1st b	3	Lawless, 1st b	3
Conner, c.	5	Harris, p.	3
M. Burns, c. f.	3	Pa ent, s. s.	3
McManus, 2d b.	3	McCormick, 2d b.	3
Johnson, 3d b.	3	Burrill, 3d b.	4
J. Burns, s. s.	4	Doyle, c.	3
Brown, l. f.	4	Waldron, r. f.	1
Barthey, p.	4	Raisch, l. f.	2
Hoober, 2d b.	4	Keller, c. f.	2
Total	15	Total	24

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Reno	1	6	1	0	9	0	0	0	7—15
Active	1	0	1	6	1	4	2	1	3—24

Umpire—W. Wilson; scorers, Cassidy and Wegs. Time, 2h. 30m.

EXCELSIOR, OF BOSTON.—This crack junior club held a meeting on March 9th, at which the following officers were chosen: President, M. E. Chandler; vice-president, Edwin Dillon; treasurer, E. F. Sawyer; secretary, Wm. H. Dillon; assistant secretary, E. Lincoln; committee on nines, M. E. Chandler, S. N. Crane and Wm. H. Dillon; captain, S. N. Crane. Although the Excelsiors will retain more than three or four of last season's nine, they have received quite a number of valuable additions to their ranks and expect to take the field with a strong team. All communications should be directed to the care of Wright and Gould, 18 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

LONE STAR, OF NEW ORLEANS.—At a recent meeting of this club the annual election was held, resulting thus:—G. W. Doll president; Frank McElroy, vice-president; J. Patterson, recording secretary; W. Condon, financial secretary; G. W. Doll, J. N. Howard, Duncan Jones, Peter Cooley, A. Bozant, board of directors; Toby Hart, M. Dunph, J. Patterson, delegates to Louisiana Base Ball Association; M. Dunphy, scorer; W. F. Tracy, captain first nine; J. N. Howard, captain second nine. The following constitute the first nine and substitutes:—W. F. Tracy, captain; C. Leonard, W. Condon, M. H. Redon, Hugh Reed, George Scott, J. Obelander, J. Tennyson, Chas. Everett. Substitutes:—J. Louer, J. Mathews, J. G. Amar.

UNA, OF CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—In balloting for officers of this club, on March 6th, the following gentlemen were elected:—President, James S. Murphy; vice president and recording secretary, Herbert S. Chapman; corresponding secretary, J. Hurd Brown; treasurer, Richard Pattee; captain, H. McNulty; committee on nine, McNulty, Murphy and Pattee; directors, Jas. S. Murphy, E. Menich, Peter F. Black, J. F. Wellington and J. H. Gleason. All correspondence directed to the club room, 6 Elm street, will receive immediate attention.

EAGLE, OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The officers named below were recently elected by the members of this California Club:—President, John L. Durkee, (re-elected; vice president, J. T. Calvert; recording secretary, F. E. Bees; corresponding secretary, J. B. Ryan; treasurer, M. S. Torres; delegates to State Base Ball Convention, J. L. Durkee; J. G. Carson and Godfrey Fisher; board of directors, Godfrey Fisher, John A. Hickie, M. S. Torres, J. T. Calvert and R. F. Gunn.

MUTUAL CLUB, OF SOUTH BOSTON.—The following named gentlemen were lately chosen officers of this club: President, E. Irving Drake; vice president, Wm. J. Goodwin; corresponding secretary, Chas. C. Crocker; recording secretary, R. Crocker; treasurer, E. A. Shepard; captain, Geo. D. Weston; committee on nine, Geo. D. Weston, J. J. Egan, W. J. Goodwin.

THE DAUNTLESS CLUB, of Harrisburgh, Pa., are to enjoy their second annual ball at Frantz's Hall, on April 1st, and have kindly sent us an invitation to be there, but we fear that distance will have to hold us enchantment to the view.

FRATERNAL TOURNAMENT.—The Victoria Skating Club, of Montreal, C. E., offered prizes for a series of races at their rink on March 6th, to which a large concourse of people assembled. The ice was in admirable condition and the affair proved the event of the season. At the conclusion Mrs. Col. Bond presented the prizes—Hurdle race, gold Maltese cross; blindfold, a pair of skates; boys' race, silver medal; dash, locket; barrel race, pin. C. Skate; gents' race, 1st one 50, 2nd one 30; mile race, gold circular medal; snow-shoe race, pair of snow-shoes; boys', silver watch chain; barrel race, gold ring; hurdle; race, 1/2; and back to back, 50. The recipients received their rewards from the lady's fair hand with a bow and smile of pleasure, and their friends heartily cheered them, as their deserved. Credit is due to Messrs. Beaufield, Ford and P. Wood for the manner in which the sports were arranged and managed.

A STRIKING FAC.—Mr. Kehoe, the "King of Clubs," who devotes himself to developing the muscle of the arm mostly, has just received a patent for a fresh invention, called "The Striking Bag," a device whereupon the fists may expert themselves.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, March 16th, 1872.

FRIEND.—"Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his fair lover. "Then I shall be!" said she, "as soon as you say it you are not the first you."—"And so would I," the gentleman replied, "I could not say no."

Buffalo Bill's Best Shot.

"Dave, life is worth a good deal to me, whether it is to you or not, for I have them to live for that I love!"

Thus spoke Buffalo Bill to his bosom friend and lieutenant in many a wild hunt, and yet wilder scout, Dave Estes, as they looked eastward from a peak in the great Wind River Gap of the Rocky Mountains, west, full two days ride from Fort Thompson, the nearest spot where the sight of white men could greet their eyes, for they were in the heart of the northwestern hunting grounds of the Sioux nation.

The two scouts, well mounted and well armed, had come thus far alone into this dreaded range to satisfy themselves on two points—one a rumor that placer gold was wondrously plentiful in the deep gulches and ravines of the Wind River Mountains—the other, that for bear, elk, mountain sheep and antelope, this was a hunter's Paradise.

"What are you growlin' about, Bill?" said Dave, in reply. "The Reds are all off on the Plains, and we've got the hills all to ourselves. We've seen a heap of new ground on this scout, and I'd like to look a little further. Let's stay out one day longer and then I'll agree to head either for the Big Horn or North Platte, just which you like."

"You said the same thing two days ago, Dave," said Bill. "Yet here we are a day's ride nearer to sunset than we were then. 'You never tire on a scout.' Good reason why—you are at all the home you have, wherever you camp. But it isn't so with me. Bright eyes are growing dim with watching for me, far away, and there's heart-strings pulling me towards home, where my loved ones are!"

"Just so! This getting married ruins a man for scouting and plains life. It takes the game out of him!"

"Look here, Dave—step light or you'll wake me up!" cried Bill, and the anger-light flashed from his eyes. "I'm as game now as I ever was, and you know it, or you ought to. Who saved your hair when you were down, and the Sioux crowdin for you like a pack of starved wolves?"

"You, Bill—you, and God bless you for it!"

"And wasn't I married then—a husband and a father?"

"Yes, Bill, and I take all back that I said. But I was never in such a game country as this before, and there's just one range I'd like to look at to-day, and then we'll move at day-dawn to-morrow."

"Agreed, mate—but never say that getting married has made me less a man again. I wasn't half the man I am until I had something to love and to live for."

"I know it, Bill. You used to punish whiskey and shuffle the cards in camp before that happened. But you've quit that, and I know you're the better for it!"

"Every man is that keeps wide of such things, Dave, but folk isn't business. If you are bent on a scout to-day don't go far, and be in camp early. I'll take the horses down and pack our specimens, and have supper ready when you come!"

"All right!" said Dave, dismounting. "I'm going where horses can't travel, up that gulch we looked at yesterday!"

The scout, a small, agile, wiry man, left the Apollo of the Plains, our Bill, to return, while he, shouldering his Spencer rifle, took a course along the ridge westward.

Bill called to the well-trained horse of his mate to follow, and turned "Powder-Face," his own favorite steed, to the east in the direction of their camp, which had been pitched in a little valley near a small lake at the foot of the hill where the two men parted.

He rode leisurely along, a Henry rifle slung at the rear of his saddle, but with his favorite needle gun over his shoulder, ready for instant use. He had nearly descended the hill when a sight met his eye that made him draw his horses close in cover under a clump of dwarfish pines, where he could see without being seen.

He saw, coming up the valley from the east, three figures on horseback, riding at a terrific pace. With his field glass he soon discovered the character of the riders. Two rode side by side several hundred yards in advance of the third. The first was an armed Indian warrior and he led the second horse, which bore an Indian girl, who, from her position, seemed to be bound to the horse which the warrior led. The third rider, so far in the rear, was also an armed Indian warrior, and he was laching his horse furiously, as the first also lashed his and that which he led.

"A race for life it looks like!" said Buffalo Bill. "But I see no sign of any pursuers! If that was a white woman I'd take a hand in mighty sudden. As it is, squaws are not in my line, and if it is a runaway or an *abduction*, as they say in the towns—why, it's their business, not mine!"

So he rode on down the hill, knowing that the two warriors had too much on their own hands to look to, to have time to notice him.

The first warrior and the squaw dashed on up the gap, while just as Bill reached the level the horse of the other, warrior fell, throwing its rider heavily against a huge bowlder.

Bill rode up, thinking from the way he lay that the Indian had fractured his skull or broke his neck, but he found him conscious as he halted by his side, though he was unable to rise.

"Pale-Face—I know you. You are Long Rifle, the great killer of buffalo!" said the Indian, as Bill reined in his horse.

"Yes—the Reds all know *me!*" said Bill, quietly. "What is the matter with you?"

"Heap *bad* is the matter. Me got an arm and leg broke—my horse most dead, and Yellow Bear, the Black-Foot Chief, has go e beyond my reach with Dove-Eye, my daughter, the Red Rose of my tribe!"

"Dove-Eye! Then you are 'Spotted-Tail,' the great War-Chief of the Big-Horn Sioux!"

"Yes—I am Spotted Tail. Kill me if you like—I have taken scalps enough to line my lodge!"

"Killing cripples isn't in my line!" said Bill, in a haughty tone. "But I'll make a bargain with you, Spotted Tail. If you'll agree to keep peace with all pale faces who come here to hunt and look for gold, I'll get that gal back and bring you the scalp of Yellow Bear. Will you agree to this?"

"Long Rifle, I will!"

"Swear it by the Great Spirit!"

"As He hears me who rides on the wings of the storm and sends the lightning knives to scathe the great trees of the forest, I swear to be a friend to the pale faces if Dove-Eye is saved from the claws of Yellow Bear, the Black Foot!"

"Enough—crawl to my camp, where you'll find meat and drink!" said Bill, and loosing Dave's horse, he turned Powder Face up the gap on the trail of Yellow Bear, and uttered a cry, which put the noble horse to its utmost speed in a second.

* * * * * * * * * *

A handsome Indian woman is a rarity. But the daughter of Spotted-Tail, Dove-Eye, womanly in graceful development, though but fifteen summer's bloom was on her cheek, was an exception. A ready her father had been asked for her hand by some of the bravest and richest chiefs of his and other tribes. But his answer was:—

"Dove-Eye is the heart of Spotted-Tail—he can not part with his child!"

She had known no love but that felt for her father and mother, so the chiefs and warriors found no encouragement from her.

But Yellow-Bear, a dreaded chief of the Black-Feet, a tribe at war with all around them, had not asked her parents or herself for her hand—with a great hunter's stealth he had crept into the village of her father when almost all the tribe were away on a buffalo hunt, and that father was detained by sickness in his lodge, and with a daring peculiar to him and his tribe, had seized and borne her away, bound on a captured horse.

Spotted-Tail, sick though he was, had followed swiftly on the trail, and had come almost within rifle shot of Yellow-Bear when his horse fell.

The Black-Foot chief saw the mishap, and he rode on more leisurely to save his horses for the long journey yet before him, for he did not see Buffalo Bill riding down toward his fallen pursuer.

"Is Dove-Eye hurt?" he asked, hoping now to get an answer from her lips, for she had not spoken one word to him since her capture.

The great black eyes of the girl flashed a look of unutterable hate in on his face, but she did not speak.

"Dove-Eye will find her tongue, by and-by, or Yellow-Bear will help her!" said the chief, savagely. "The horse of Spotted Tail has given out, and Dove-Eye need not hope to see her father again."

The girl looked back and a cry of joy broke from her lips. She saw that a pursuer was nearer than before, and she thought none but her father was on the trail.

Yellow-Bear turned his eyes back, and *he* saw that it was not Spotted-Tail but a well armed and well mounted pale-face, who was coming swiftly on his track.

Quick y he lashed his horse and that which bore Dove-Eye into furious speed once more. Dangerous speed, indeed, for the rough route he was passing over—growing rougher and more narrow as they ascended the pass, but there was a danger behind which the Black-Foot could comprehend, for he had battled with pale-faces before, and on—on, madly he went.

Nearer and nearer the pursuer came, and a low, scornful laugh broke from the lips of Dove-Eye, for she deemed her rescue sure now.

Yellow-Bear heard it, and his anger flamed up, and he resolved that *she* should first die and then he would face his pursuer.

Checking his horse suddenly, he clutched her round arm, and raising her form so as to bring her head full before him, he raised his arm to drive the knife which he held home in her unprotected bosom.

As he thus raised his arm a terrible yell broke from his lips—a cry of defiance and hate.

Dove-Eye, fearless and full of scorn, looked him defiantly in the face, expecting instant death, but suddenly his arm fell and the knife dropped to the earth, for Buffalo Bill, full one hundred yards away, saw her peril, raised his rifle quick as thought, fired, and sent the ball through the upraised arm.

Yellow-Bear, helpless to use knife or rifle, uttered a scream of baffled rage and pain, then leaping from his horse he plunged off into a thicket where no horseman could follow him, just as Buffalo Bill dashed up on his horse to finish the work begun. But what he was interrupted the next shot he ever made *

"Dove-Eye is safe!" he said, as he reined his horse back to his haunches and cut the thongs which bound her. "Her father is at my camp, waiting for her."

"Dove-Eye has no words to thank the brave pale face with," she said. "Her life has been saved by him and she will be his slave forever."

"Buffalo Bill don't b have in slave women, and he needs no thanks," said the heroic scout. "But look to his horse. He promised to take your father back a scalp, and he must do it."

"Bill threw the reins of his horse into the hands of the liberated maiden and sprang into the thicket after Yellow Bear.

Dove-Eye saw the noble form of her preserver disappear in the chapparal. She waited minutes, and they seemed long, for him to return—and then almost an hour passed before Buffalo Bill came back.

"The skulking cuss has got away," he said. "He can outrun a crippled wild turkey and hide better than a chick pheasant. I have lost him and his trail, but I'll have his scalp yet and keep my word with Spotted-Tail."

When Buffalo Bill, leading the captured horse deserted by Yellow Bear, and followed by Dove-Eye, rode back to the spot where he had left Spotted-Tail, he found the chief seated on the ground, near his dead horse, for the animal had literally run on until its life gave out with its last effort.

A gleam of satisfaction brightened the eyes of Spotted-Tail as he saw his daughter free and unharmed, then his eyes looked to the left of Buffalo Bill for the scalp which the latter had promised.

The scout knew why he looked and said, not without embarrassment:—

"Yellow Bear, crippled by a ball from my rifle, has got away. I could not take his scalp this time. But I have given my word. I never break it. You shall yet have the scalp. He was in my power, but had I shot to kill, his arm would have sent the knife he held over the heart of Dove-Eye home before he died. The arm can neither use knife or rifle now, but his legs carried him off. There is his horse in place of your own!"

"Long Rifle is a great brave. He has brought Dove-Eye back to her father. And Spotted-Tail for this will keep peace between his band and the pale-faces. When his arm and leg get so he can use them, he will hunt for the scalp of Yellow Bear himself. But now—he must be taken back to his own people, for he is no good with these broken bones. It is but a day's ride to the lands of the Black Feet and Yellow Bear will get to his people, and it may be, come back to try and steal Dove-Eye again and to take the scalp of her father."

"A day's ride only! Then that smoke means something!" said Buffalo Bill, as a white pillar, made by the burning of moss, rose toward the sky away in the northwest.

"Yes! Yellow Bear is speaking to the eyes of his people. Make my broken leg and arm straight between pieces of wood, and put me on the horse soon, for if we stay here we will have the Black Feet like hungry wolves upon us. If they come before I am ready—take Dove-Eye and go. She must never be a slave to Yellow Bear."

"She never will be!" said the beautiful girl, looking her father in the eye, and she knelt down by his side to aid Buffalo Bill to set the broken bones and secure them in the splinters which the hunter clipped from a cedar tree near by.

When the surgical job was over, Buffalo Bill assisted the Sioux chief upon the horse which Yellow-Bear had left, and the three rode down to the camp which the two scouts had occupied on the border of the little lake.

Bill informed the chief that here he had promised to await his mate, Dave. The Indian did not like this halt, as he feared the Black Feet would soon be on their trail.

"Let my brother make three smokes, a rifle shot apart, white, like that," said Spotted Tail. "If any hunters or warriors of my tribe see them they will not let their horses rest until they are with their chief."

The hunter mounted his horse and rode away to make the smoke signal.

Soon Spotted Tail saw three white pillars going up in the still air.

On the return of Buffalo Bill, a tempting supper of birds, venison and fish—which the scouts had laid in for their journey—was prepared by Dove-Eye. When all had eaten heartily, the girl had away what had not been used, though plenty of game yet hung from the branches near at hand.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps near at hand aroused the attention of Buffalo Bill.

The eyes of the scout rested on Dave Estes, who had come suddenly into camp through the fringe of bushes to the west, and now stood transfixed with wonder, or some other feeling, looking intently at Dove-Eye, who in turn glanced at him, seeming to measure him from head to foot.

"Glad you're back, Dave, for we'll find these hot quarters before long if we stay!" said Buffalo Bill.

"Where's that angel dropped down from?" asked Dave, still gazing at Dove-Eye, as if he had never looked at a pretty Indian girl before.

"The girl is Dove-Eye, the daughter of the great Sioux War Chief, Spotted-Tail, who lies there with a broken leg and arm. We've got to see him and her back safe to their village!"

"I'm in for that. But how did *she* come here. Oh! what a beauty she is. Does she understand English?"

"As well as you, as you can see by the smile on her face. She was stolen away from her father by Yellow-Bear, a Black-Foot chief, and her father broke down here in the chase. I made a bargain with him to keep peace with us white folks and then took the trail, got within shot of the Black-Foot and winged him. By that I got her back safe and here she is."

"Bill—you're a mean cuss! Why didn't you let *me* save the gal!" cried Dave, red with excitement.

Their conversation was in a tone too low for Dove-Eye to hear it, for she had turned away from the two ardent gaze of the younger scout, and was now busy in placing her father in a more comfortable position.

"Since the friend of Long-Rifle has come back," said Spotted-Tail, "would it not be better that we travel as far as we can before the sun goes out of sight? The Black-Feet may be near to answer the signal of Yellow-Bear, and be upon our trail soon."

"Yes," said Buffalo Bill. "As soon as my mate gets a bite to eat we will start."

"Meat here, all ready!" said Dove-Eye, producing the store she had laid away.

"I'll eat as I ride," said Dave. "Saddle up and start as soon as you like. We can make twenty miles yet afore dark if we put our horses to their best."

"Little-Brave has a cool heart; me like him. He is a brother to Long-Rifle," said Dove-Eye, pleased at the readiness to go which Dave Estes exhibited.

"Not a brother, but a mighty good partner!" said Buffalo Bill. "He isn't much on size, but he is keener than a whip-snake in a fight, and worse than a wolf on a hunt."

Dave heard the words of the girl, and he sprung to get the horses ready, for he had an idea he would win her love, even if he had no hand in her rescue.

"We shall go straight for sunrise!" said the chief, after the scouts had secured the wounded warrior in his saddle. "If we get to see the Big Horn before the Black Feet are on our trail we will get soon where they may come and lose their scalps. The Wind river runs that way."

Buffalo Bill took the lead, Spotted-Tail rode next, Dove-Eye followed him, and Dave Estes brought up the rear at his own wish, for there he could feast his eyes on the lovely form that rode before him.

Thus they kept on until night was closing in, when Bill came to a sudden halt. He saw, as they rounded a point of thick forest, near the river bank, a camp, close ahead—whether of red or white men he could not tell.

A hundred lodges, at least, ranged on the other side of a crystal brook, where it ran slowly through a little valley after it had dashed for leagues through dark chasms and down from lofty cliffs, told of the power of Yellow-Bear, for this was his own village, and the occupants of these lodges were but a small part of his warlike tribe.

Prominent among the lodges was the large one in which he dwelt when in the village, and before it, on a tall lance, floated the pennon of yellow cloth, with a bear rudely drawn on it.

There were many warriors idling about in groups, while women were busy about the camp fires, cooking, for it was near time for the noonlide meal.

A large drove of horses fed in the valley, watched by three or four mounted warriors and a large party of half-grown boys.

Suddenly a woman, tall in stature, in a head-dress of feathers which made her look yet more lofty, with a robe of rich scarlet cloth about her form, came out from among the lodges.

She was not a white woman, yet her complexion was very light for an Indian. She most likely belonged to the half-breed blood so common among the Indians of the far Northwest, since the great fur companies have induced their daring *voyageurs* and trappers to lead a savage life for their profit and gain.

Her look was haughty and commanding, and she was not devoid of beauty, though the freshness of youth had left her.

Close behind her came two other women—one an old, haggard creature, with one eye gone, while the other shook like a ball of fire under her brow. Her coarse, white hair hung loose over her bare, shrunken neck and bony shoulders.

The other—strangest of all, was very young, not over sixteen, and very beautiful—*a white girl*—with rich, curling hair of almost golden hue—blue eyes and regular features—dressed in the Indian style. Her head was bare, only she wore twisted in her rich tresses the single eagle feather, which told her to be a chief's daughter and unmarried.

The tall and queenly-looking woman stood for a moment outside the lodge of Yellow-Bear, and glanced up and down the valley, then she turned to the young girl and said:—

"Wanda, the Queen of the Black-Feet, will now listen to the dream of Cinda the Sundower. Then she will ride up to the hill-top to look for Yellow Bear, her chief, and the father of Cinda the Sunflower!"

"He is not my father! The Spirit of Dreams came to me and told me that the skin of my father was white like mine own. That I have a mother as beautiful as the flowers I love to pluck for my garlands and as good as she is beautiful!"

"The Spirit of Dreams has been speaking lies to Cinda the Sunflower! No father but Yellow Bear can claim a smile from her; nor shall any but Wanda call her daughter!"

The one-eyed hag muttered something, but neither Wanda nor the girl understood what she said.

The eyes, blue as they were, flashed out such fury to look at the queenly-looking woman who stood before her, and she said:—

"The Great Spirit will not lie! The Dream Spirit is his angel, and he, too, must speak true words with a single tongue. I have heard Yellow-Bear say that this is so."

"Yellow-Bear has said foolish things and he has dreamed bad dreams. He dreamed that he must go to the land of his enemies—to the hunting grounds of the Sioux—to steal him a new wife. It was a bad dream, told him he would come back as he went—empty-handed! And he will. Were he to bring a strange wife here, the knife of Wanda should drink her blood! But this is not your dream. My ears are open to hear it!"

The young girl was about to speak, when a warrior, who had been looking away to the southeast, uttered a shrill shout.

In an instant every eye in the village was attracted toward him and then to three pillars of white smoke which arose easily rose above the hill tops.

Wanda put her hand to her belt and took out a whistle made from the tip of an antelope's horn. This she blew with a loud, shrill call.

In a second the warriors were seen rushing to their lodges to arm themselves.

Wanda herself disappeared inside of the large lodge for a few minutes. When she came out she was clad in a short skirt, a hunting jacket of fur, and with her limbs encased in leggings, while she carried a gun in her hand and wore a knife and pistols in her belt.

As she came forth she cried out to the assembling warriors:—

"Yellow-Bear has called for help. Wanda will go at the head of the braves who answer his signal!"

A yell of applause broke from every lip as Wanda spoke, and a young brave led a large, cream-colored horse, with mane and tail of jet black hue, up for her use. It was instantly bridled and saddled.

Before she mounted, Wanda turned to the one-eyed hag and said:—

"Kinca ah, keep thy one eye wide open. Cindah dreams too much. She is under thy care while we are no. Forget it not!"

The old hag answered with a hoarse, croaking voice:—

"The Sunflower will not go out of sight of Kincaah!"

Wanda said no more, but springing with an agile bound astride the noble horse, which two braves could hardly hold, she waved her rifle in the air, and, with a shrill cry, dashed off at a swift gallop to the south, followed by her warriors.

Cindah gazed after them a moment and then re-entered the lodge.

The one-eyed hag hobbled in after her, muttering to herself as she went.

An instant later a young brave, who, until now, had not come into the foreground, came up in front of the lodge, and, looking cautiously around, as if to see whether any one was near to notice his actions, advanced to the shield which hung on the centre-pole and made three marks upon it with a piece of charred coal.

One was the sign of an arrow-head—the next a plain square—the third a rude resemblance of a tree.

Then he uttered a cry like that made by a hawk when circling in the air it looks for prey, and instantly hurried away.

He had not been gone a half minute when Cindah came hurriedly from the lodge, glanced around, then looked at the shield.

"A letter for me, from the strange friend, left in the hollow tree!" she murmured, as she looked at the marks on the shield, and then she brushed them away with the palm of her hand.

The next second the one-eyed hag hobbled out, and glanced suspiciously at the girl through her one blazing eye.

"What did the Sunflower come out of the lodge so quickly for?" asked Kincaah.

"Because she want'd to. Cindah is no slave to be told to come and go by another. She is as free as the wind that whispers among the trees. She will come and go as her will or fancy is to do!"

"So while Wanda and Yellow-Bear are away will the Sunflower go out of sight of Kincaah the One Eyed?" said the hag.

"We will see!" cried Cindah, angrily.

She then ran to the lodge made from the slender bone of an antelope's foreleg.

The call brought the young warrior into her presence who had made the mark on the shield.

"Red Plume will saddle his horse and mine. Cindah wants to ride in the fresh air of the hillsides," said the girl.

"Saddle a horse, too, for Kincaah!" cried the old hag, scornfully.

"Let it be one-eyed and lame like herself," said Cindah, scornfully.

"Fool! Rain shall fall in a flood from your eyes for this!" screamed the hag.

Cindah laughed to see her one eye blaze in furious light, while the young warrior hurried off to get the horses.

* * * * * * * * *

When Buffalo Bill made the sudden halt, seeing a camp fire so close ahead as he turned the point of timber, he also cocked his gun for instant use, for he was within rifle shot of the strangers, whoever they were.

Dave Estes rode to the front, with his Spencer rifle ready, while Dove-Eye, as fearless as any of the party, now carrying her father's rifle, rode up in a line with them.

"White men and a rough looking set!" said Bill, a moment later, as about a dozen men sprang up from about the fire, with guns in their hands. "We may as well ride up and take things cool, for we're in too close range to back out now."

So he rode boldly on, his gun ready for use, while those in front, calling to a couple of men who were with their horses in a grassy nook to look out for the stock, stepped out in front of their camp and waited for the scout and his party to come up, eyeing them suspiciously as they came.

They were not regular hunters and trappers, though well armed and dressed as rudely as men of that character would be.

In settlements where it would pay they would have made gambling and drinking their chief *visible* occupation, adding burglary or highway robbery to it when they could do so with any degree of safety or success.

Road Agents they would have been termed in California or Nevada.

They were in number fourteen, and mostly men of middle age, bearded and long haired, coarse and repulsive in looks and manners.

One only had a different look, and Bill saw that he was the leader. His dress was superior to the rest—a kind of velvet hunting coat reached below his hips, while buckskin breeches, tight fitting to a large well shaped leg, met high cavalry boots, on which he wore a pair of silver Mexican spurs.

His pistols were ornamented with silver mountings, and his large hunting knife was nearly as long as an artillery sword.

He was young, too—not over twenty-one or two, with long black hair hanging in curls about his shoulders, and with a smooth, almost womanly face.

Yet his dark, sharp eye, his firm, close set lips and his air of command told, even before he spoke, that he was a person of firm and resolute nature, and that he held the rest under control.

"Which way, strangers?" he asked, in a bold, authoritative tone.

"We are bound east, to the village of this wounded chief," said Buffalo Bill, pointing to Spotted-Tail. "He holds his headquarters on the Big Horn, if you know where that is!"

"I only know that it is down on a map I travel by," said the other. "I'm new in these parts, though I've been over the plains twice."

"I should think you were *new*, or you'd be careful how you camped in the heart of a hostile Indian country."

"Why, you're but *two* whites, and are friendly with the Indians; or is that chap, and the girl with him, held captive by you?"

"No, they are friends, because I did the chief a favor. Scalps would be in demand if you or I were met by any of his tribe or by the Black-Feet."

"They'd get more lead than hair from my party," said the other. "As you can't go any further before night sets in, camp with us and we'll treat you as well as we can."

Buffalo Bill did not like the looks of the party, but it was best to keep on friendly terms with them if he could; so he said:

"We will camp near by you; but we've meat along, and need no help. We're all used to dropping down where night catches us."

"All right, stranger!" said the young man. Then turning to his own men, who crowded rather close, he said: "Fall back to camp, men!"

The men obeyed as if under good discipline; but Dave Estes noticed that they almost to a man gazed with looks of too evident admiration to suit him on the face and form of the beautiful Indian girl. The continuation of this story of real life may be obtained in No. 21 of the *New York Weekly*, now ready. Any news agent will furnish the second part of "Buffalo Bill's Best Shot," which, as the above specimen chapter proves, is one of the most exciting stories ever written.

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Ayer, Eva
Blake, Annie
Bilton, Emma
Cooke, Minnie
Carson, Jennie
Crabtree, Mrs.
Cowell, Sydney
Charles, Lottie E. (3)
Carroll, Mrs. F. (2)
Chippendale, Ally
De Rhon, Sabra
Dean, Ella (2)
Drayton, Allie
Deane, Fanny
Florence, Mrs. Geo.
Fletcher, Mrs. Jas.
Fisk, Marion (2)
Fisk, Mary
Fortebelle, Millie
Gray, Georgie M.
Gibbons, Annie
Georgia, Nellie
Gilbert, Louisa
Gaton, Mrs. Fyne
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Hastings, Hattie
Herron, Matilda
Howitt, Belle
Hubbard, Addie
Johnson, Jennie G.
Keene, Laura
La Clair, Laura
Lila Nell
Leroy, Lizzie
Murrell, Jennie (3)
Mars, Maggie
Morris, Anna
Oates, Mrs. J. A. 20c.
O'Neil, Hattie (3)
O'Neil, Kitty
Paige, Laura
Prentice, Fanny
Parker, Julia
Raymond, Ida
Reignolds, Emma
Reignold, Jane (3) 20c.
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Richie, Belle
Sylvester, Louisa
Stewart, Hannah M.
Stewart, Ada
Selwyn, Blanche (3)
Sherman, Lizzie
Stanley, Blanche
Sieren, Lilly
Troy, Cassie (5)
Vane, Isabel
Wallace, Agnes
Winters, Catharine
Waldron, Kate
Wilcox, Mrs. G. A.
Watson, Carrie
Wray, Ada
Wilkinson, Lillie
Weston, Lucille
Weber, Lisa
Webb, Emma
Warren, Dolly
Woodruff, Mary
Wilkins, Nancy
Zelma, Zadie
Zegrico, Nellie

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Gullet, Jas.
Gregston, W. A.
Gibbonoise, Santiago
Goodman, Hank
Gannon, Jas.
Guy, Geo. & Willie
Gayler, Chas.
Grady, C. G.
Gilbert, Harry
Graham, Sam.
Hicks, C. B.
Herbert, Cool
Harris, Fred. D.
Haskell, Jno. S.
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Mankin, Geo.
McAuley, Arch.
Marshall, H. A.
Norris, Geo.
Nugent, Jas. E.
Navoni, J. M.
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Noyes, C. W.
O'Brien, Jno.
Otis, W. H.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Ouchar & Upotikke
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Phillips, Gus (3)
Phelps, J. R.
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Parselle, John
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Robinson, J. S. (2)
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Wilson, Dave (2)
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Wheeler, S. O.
Whittemore, S. G.
Wilson, Gustave
Wilton, Geo.
Waldron, A.
Wadge, H.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wilder, J. W.
Whationy, Leon
Yates, A. Hamilton

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, March 18th, 1872.

Do you ever go down town at night? Do you ever wend your weary way down the Broadway, below Canal street, and so on to the Astor House, and along the great thoroughfare still further till you reach Trinity church and the region thereabouts? To those who remember that section of the city as it was twenty or more years ago, the sight is now by no means cheerful. In the olden time whereof we speak all was life and gaiety from Canal street down to the City Hall; the theatres and other places of public resort were located in that part of the city, and after nightfall the region round about was all ablaze with the many brilliant lights to be seen here, there and everywhere. Here were the Park Theatre, Museum, Broadway Theatre, Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, model artist shows and various other establishments wherein entertainment was provided for man and beast; here, too, were bowling alleys, billiard saloons, and some most elaborately gotten up drinking saloons, the bar-rooms of which were "a sight to see;" in quite a number of them were life size oil paintings of some beautiful divinity without a stitch of clothing to cover her magnificent nakedness. Here, too, were great basements tastefully arranged for the comfort of those who sought a savory "oyster stew for one shilling," with cold slaugh and crackers thrown in. If you ventured above Canal street in those days, you got lonesome and discouraged, and hurried back to the lively part of the city. But now, all this is changed; the region below Canal street, after nightfall, is cheerless and lonely and gloomy; but very few persons are met down there when night's sable mantle throws its shade over it. Theatres, museums, shows of all kinds are obliterated; gilded saloons are no more, and the few drinking places and oyster houses are kept for the accommodation of those connected with the newspaper interests of that locality. Now, you do not feel at all comfortable until you have got up as far as Grand street, and even there we find evidences of the crowding out of residences and public resorts kinds by the upward progress of commerce. The life of the city at night centres about Madison square and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on which latter site, years gone by, Corporal Thompson, who died on the 12th inst., kept his out of town hostelrie for the refreshment of those jolly sons of New York who tooled their bits of horse flesh on the roads, and here also, too, on the ground just previously occupied by the Corporal, that the great "Parisian Hippodrome" was erected, a mammoth circus establishment, wherein took place chariot races and steeple chases, in which comely "French girls," gotten up to order in New York, Williamsburgh and Brooklyn, were the perspiring contestants; but it was not a great success—it was *too far out of town*. Yet now we find amusements of all kinds in this direction, and even for blocks beyond, up Broadway as high as Thirtieth street and thereabouts, the course of Empire winds its way; within a short radius of now have, where years ago it was too far out of "the pale of civilization," the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Booth's Theatre, the Grand Opera House, Bryant's Minstrels, Wood's Museum, the St. James Theatre, and other well-established public resorts. While down there is the dark and dismal, at night, in this up town region we find life, and gaiety, and increasing prosperity on every side. Truly, it is a most wonderful change, and the transit has been so gradually made that it has been almost imperceptible, as it were. It may not be a great many years ere the Central Park will be the centre of the great American metropolis.....And talking about down town shows, our old friend Barnum looks as lively and serene as in the days of his early triumphs, and his adulterated brass band shed its soul of music on the balcony of the museum at Broadway and Ann street, to the delight of the hundreds of listeners who took their stand in front of old St. Paul's on every pleasant night. But of all the novelties and curiosities the great showman has presented to our notice during the past quarter of a century, the greatest of all even at this day, is Barnum himself, in so far as he has *sixty (y)ears on his head!*.....Now, here's a curious thing, we venture to assert without the slightest fear of contradiction. We took "Our Jim" the other night to hear a young lady singer at one of our music halls. James was delighted with the vocalist, for she had things down to a dot. "She's a ripper, book, imp's she?" said the dreadful boy. "She's a hot lad," we responded. "Whenever I hear that girl," said Jim, "she makes me think of a balloon on its lonely travels." "Why so?" "Because she's always *up in the air*.....Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre company have, it is said, relinquished their "Divorce" *suits*, and taken to "conjugal habits." (A smile is all that is required of this little pun.—ED.).....The programme at the Bowery Theatre last week got "Our Jim" on a string; in its simplicity he expected to see an animal show, because it announced a "Buffalo Bill."....."A Boy" sends in a contribution in the way of a poem on the circus, which he has just attended for the first time in his youthful career. A private note says that he could have done much better had he not been suffering with a "gum bile." This ought to make a difference in a person's composition, that's certain—

THE SURKIS.

I never seen a surkis in my life, afore,
Which may seme rather curus to you;
Mayrenus, in me yocsh'al days, gloire,
Was down on every thing like a shoe;
I caught 'em on the sly last Monday ev'n,
They had to 'tend a meetin' house debate;
They put me in me little bit of pen,
But I got in the surkis 'fore 'twas night.

The man what kepes the place's name is Lent,
Tho' he don't do nuthin, so I hav bin told;
Ime glad I in the surkis went,
Tho' the bits was most on common cold;
The mistick men I think urn all the git,
Because they're kept a goin' all the nite,
But the blowrs he's got a cay-at-
And laffs and enjoys himself like anything.

I bleere next time He like it rather better—
Because me mind was a trifle like perplexis
I feerd the pins who wood let dat feat,
Wood tell if I 'twant a longish text;
But I got out on 'em, with a little kithe,
Climb up the spout later me garrit rume—
And some the pins fokes cum home a 'stin'

About the heathen's dark impendin' duma.

Ya-a, the surkis is a mortil exerbishin
Of men and gurls, and many a collored stede.
And the way the twist theirselves' a corshin
To the gearil order bissis of Mister Lead;
If I hadn't such dam pins parents,
I do jine a surkis the fust thing I nu;
I hope these here fu lines gives satisfaxshin,
And now I wish ya all a fond adu.

A BOY.

[Some of our leading stars are becoming quite feeble and debilitated, judging from the many sticks they carry along to support them.....'Our Jim'' thinks that the Fifth Avenue Theatre company would do better in tragedy than in comedy, because there's *more rant* in it.....The spectacle of "Lalla Rookh" is announced for production at the Grand Opera House this week. In the figurative language of our chess-playing friends, it is to be hoped that this "*Rookh*" may make a good *opening*, and take many *nights* before the public tire of the *play*. [This isn't much, but as it was made on an empty stomach it might have been much worse, probably.—ED.].....Ash Wednesday is the day for the commencement of Lent, and since the trouble in our savings banks, depositors may well exclaim, in the language of Macbeth, "our fears in Bank-o stick deep."....."The Cat Duet in "Humpty Dumpty" continues to afford considerable *a-mews*-ment, and as there is nothing *base*-meant in the novelty, like the cat duets we are forced to listen to nightly in one's back-yard, the novelty creates a very favorable *feline* among its hearers. [We have been just two hours making up this joke, if it is a joke, which "Our Jim" very much doubts.—ED.].....Years ago—and yet within the memory of many who have not attained the middle round of "young ambition's ladder"—Sutherland, who did the "utility" at the Old Park Theatre, and W. G. Jones, the melo-dramatic actor, concluded to make a business venture for themselves, adopting Billy Chapman as a model. Chapman had acquired some money by the experiment of a floating theatre on the Ohio and Mississippi, and th's was to be the basis of the new enterprise. Accordingly an old hull was purchased and a small dramatic structure quickly reared upon it. The better part of the day designated for the opening was passed by the male members of the company in circulating bills and otherwise advancing the interests of the concern along the wharves and in the hotels. Having visited pretty much all the bar-rooms on the west side, "W. G.," who ranked as commodore, reached the "tub," as it was irreverently called, in an "indisposed" condition, just as the hour appointed for the rising of the curtain. The opening chorus was in progress as William rushed on to meet his Black Eyed Susan, amid the plaudits of an audience not much more convivious than himself. It had been storming all day, and during the evening quite a gale had arisen; but for some time the interest excited by the play was such that no one noticed the havoc of the elements until an unusual tossing of the boat and a fierce clap of thunder startled all to their feet and put a stop to the performance. "We're adrift!" shouted the doorkeeper, rushing out to the guard. "Boat's sinking!" yelled another. "Two inches of water in the dressing-rooms!" cried Anderson, coming up from the hold, shoes in hand. "Set the pumps to work!" called out the commodore, who had no opinion of water in which there was no whiskey. "*Pumps!*" said Collins, who would be facetious, "you'd better order a few cases of boots!" Amid this confusion of voices and the elemental din, all hands set to work bailing and pumping, and assistance being obtained from shore, it was discovered that some wags had decored the watch into a neighboring porter house to imbibe, had slipped the cables, and the old "tub" had been for half an hour drifting helplessly out to seaward. It may be assumed that that little enterprise was not a success.....We will now bring this effusion to a stop, in order that our associates may have a chance to bring in their reports from the scene of action.

City Summary.

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, Mr. John Brougham made his re-appearance on March 11th, having been prevented by illness from playing for a few nights previously, during which time Mr. Montgomery acted Oil-an-agan to the satisfaction of the audiences. The "Veteran" attracted a large attendance during the past week, and is announced for the present.

AT THE NEW YORK CIRCUS an entertaining programme was given during the past week, of which the salient features were:—somersault riding, by William Dutton, in which he displayed much daring, grace and skill; the "crystal pyramids" of F. Levantine evinced long practice; R. Rivers rode as act entitled "the Sailor;" Signor Faranta accomplished with apparent ease numerous contortions of his body, and Geo. E. Levastine, with his "magic barrel," gave a pleasing performance, which was much applauded. M'lle Caroline Rolland's equestrian performances were characterized by grace and ease, and met with favor. The backward somersault riding of Charles W. Fish, mounted upon the bare back of a swiftgoing steed, was excellent. All of his feats were accomplished with an air of certainty which enhanced their merits. He is an accomplished rider and vaulter, and bids fair at no distant day to be ranked among the very best performers of the present day, if he does not rival them. Julian Kent and H. Albert Jee were the clowns during the week, and deserve commendation. The band, under the direction of Chas. Boswisel, was no small feature of the entertainment, and the selections were fresh and well performed. "Cinderella" was continued. J. North's benefit, on the afternoon and evening of Friday, March 15th, was well attended, and the veteran was most enthusiastically received.

ALTHOUGH NO CHANGE was made in the performers at Tony Pastor's last week, an almost thorough alteration was made in the programme, the chief attractions having been as follows:—Tony Pastor in a fresh selection of songs, McIntire and Foley in their characteristic songs and dances, Orville Pitcher in banjo solos, songs and dances and burlesque stump orations, Hen Mason in Ethiopian specialties, singing by the Misses Kitty Ashcroft and Celia Ilerd, dancing by Miss Amelia Gorendo, and sketches in which Frank Kerns, Sam Devere, J. A. Graver, Johnny Queen, Hen Mason and others made things lively; the closing sketch being entitled "an Irishman in Greece." The season here will last proportionately seven weeks longer, as Tony Pastor, with an excellent company, starts out upon a traveling tour, opening at Providence, R. I., on May 6th.

THE "KING OF THE AIR," sung by C. d'Alberte; "Molly Darling" by W. F. Stanley, and the "Girl With the Golden Hair" by J. A. Barney, were the attractive features of the first part of last week's programme at Bryant's Minstrels. A complete change was made in the second part of acts which had not been performed for some time. "Sally Come Up," which, if not the first song and dance ever performed in this country, was among the earliest thereof, was given by Dave Reed with *gusto*. Dan Bryant appeared in the sketch called the "*Carte de Visite*," and later in the evening as the Drum Major. Morrisey and Emerson performed a Congo dance at the latter with McAndrews gave African statues. In the closing sketch of "Uncle Eph's Dream" the singing of the "Old Kentucky Home" and the walk around of "High Daddy" by the principal members of the company were noticeable features. Neise Seymour did not appear during the week. The burlesque of "Julius Snezer," which has been for some time in preparation, is to be produced this evening, March 18th.

THE PERFORMANCES in "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre continue attractive, as was evinced by the excellent attendance during the past week. It seems that the public do not tire of the vagaries of G. L. Fox as clown, for he continues to increase every performance in the vein of freshness, and seems to enjoy the fun he creates quite as much as those who pay for it. Charley Fox seems to survive the blows and rough usage naturally showered upon him as pantaloon. The wonderful acrobatic and gymnastic performances of the Wilson brothers are characterized with ease, grace and precision. Knnock and Smith perform some creditable evolutions upon roller skates. The excellent dancing of the *premieres* and *corps de ballet* gives spice and variety to the entertainment. The character songs of little Jennie Yeamans charm not only the juvenile portion of the audience but evoke applause from the adults. The artistic singing of the Martens family is one of the chief features, and the splendid costumes and gorgeous scenery, combined with all of the above, form one of the most pleasing and attractive entertainments ever offered in our city.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, D. S. Wambold's singing of "Whisper it Softly," as well as E. Markham's of "Come Where the Moonbeams Linger," in the first part, were very enjoyable; and as a relief to the sentimental portion of the entertainment, Charley Backus vocally told us what was the matter with "Hannah" and Billy Birch made mirthful melody with his "Umbrella with Ingham Umbrella." In the second part, "Meet My Love at Four" was the avowed intention of Bobby Newcomb as expressed in a song and dance of his own composition. We were given a glimpse of the "Broadway Milliners." Billy West sang comic songs with banjo accompaniment, and Charley Backus presented his living photographs. The quartet song and dance "Come Kum and Kiss Me," by Newcomb, Gibbons, Chesever and Kennedy, which has been for many weeks upon the bills, was continued. J. Salcedo performed a solo on the cornet, and a sketch called the "Arrival of Nilsson" terminated the performance.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, the drama entitled the "Workingmen of New York," which was translated from the French by Miss Laura Keene, and performed at her theatre many years since, was revived on Monday evening, March 11th, and acted for the week at the evening performances and Saturday *matinee*. It was placed upon the stage in a creditable manner, the scene in the third act representing a foundry with machinery in motion, and the pier scene near Fulton Ferry in the fourth act being well done. As a whole, it was fairly acted and attracted a good attendance. T. W. Keene and John Savage both made up with considerable fidelity to nature; J. J. Wallace found an opportunity for some excellent character acting as Mick Moran; W. J. Fleming, as Lazy Lewis, merits praise for his bold, vigorous acting and conception of that *role*; A. J. Debonay, in the brief part of Frank, deserves commendation; and J. A. Meade acted Belcourt, an old man of eighty years, in a praiseworthy manner and his make-up was excellent. We are inclined to think that character acting is that gentleman's *forte*. Rollin Howard and Charley Sturges, during the bar-room scene in the first act, introduced their Ethiopian specialties of "Schneider" and "Little Fraud," newly arranged by Rollin Howard, which met with much favor, their performance being excellent. Miss M. Pennoyer acted Miss Savage particularly well. Miss Jennie Arnott looked charmingly and acted well the character of Josephine; Miss Theresa Wood was quite vivacious as Fanny, and the remaining characters were fairly acted. At the usual *matinee* performances the burlesque of "Luna" and "A Bull in a China Shop," both acted with the same cast as at the evening performances of the previous week, together with the feats of the Figian Cannibals constituted the attractions.

"BUFFALO BILL" has achieved so great a success at the Bowery Theatre that it was wisely retained upon the bills during the week just closed, and attracted large audiences. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who had been previously engaged, acted in a drama entitled "Cato, the White Slave" until Friday evening, when a pantomime entitled "Don Juan" was substituted and acted during the balance of the week. On Friday evening Messrs. Maeder and Judson, dramatist and author, received a joint benefit. On Saturday a *matinee* performance of "Buffalo Bill" was given, and in the evening Mr. Blanchard received a benefit. Mr. J. B. Studley closed his engagement with the performances of March 16th, in consequence of a prior engagement to act at the Grand Opera House, commencing the 18th. On Sunday evening Mr. Judson delivered a temperance lecture.

MISS KATE SMITH, a daughter of Mr. Mark Smith, the popular actor, is said to possess a remarkable soprano voice of great power, purity, and sweetness of tone. She leaves shortly for Milan, Italy, to complete her studies, after which she will make her *debut* upon the operatic stage. Her career will be watched with interest.

THERE WAS NO CHANGE in the programme at Niblo's Garden during the past week, Mrs. Joan Wood and Mr. Mark Smith continuing their enjoyable performances in the burlesque of "*La Belle Sauvage*," which was preceded by "A Model of a Wife." The attendance was good.

"MARRIAGE" was withdrawn at the St. James Theatre after the performances of March 16th, and "Monaldi" is announced to be revived for six nights and one *matinee*, commencing this evening, the 18th.

ALBERT W. AIKEN commenced a brief season at Lina Edwin's Theatre on Monday evening, March 11th, when the "Witches of New York" was re-produced and acted during the past week.

HENRY GREENWALL, one of the lessees and managers of the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, Texas, during the past season, has leased Lina Edwin's Theatre and will take possession on April 1st. He intends running a dramatic season.

JOHN A. RUNNETT has retired from the position of treasurer of the San Francisco Minstrels, and has been succeeded by Mr. Nathans, a brother of John J. Nathans, the well known circus manager.

N. B. CLARKE, the popular and efficient stage manager of the Bowery Theatre, has been, we are pained to learn, confined to his residence for some time past by serious if not dangerous illness. Mr. Charles Foster has, during Mr. Clarke's absence from that theatre, been attending to the duties of the stage management, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

P. T. BARNUM'S Museum, Circus and Menagerie is announced to commence a brief season at the Empire Rink on Easter Monday, April 1st.

J. F. POOLE has been engaged by the managers of the Union Square Theatre to attend to the outside business and localize the burlesques there to be produced. We think the selection is an admirable one, as Mr. Poole is active, energetic and enjoys a popularity as a dramatic writer. Mr. Poole will still maintain his connection with Tony Pastor's Opera House.

MISS LAURA KEENE is to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum April 1st, when "Hunted Down" will be produced.

MISS JENNIE BENSON and *la petite* Benson made their re-appearance at the Theatre Comique, after a brief absence, on Monday evening, March 11th. Their performances have been so recently reviewed that we need only say that they were up to their usual standard. The Worrell Sisters and Miss Lillie Hall have continued to act in the burlesque of "Ixion," and the usual number of sketches, songs and dances have filled out the programme. The attendance throughout the week was large.

HOGAN AND SHEPPARD, who have recently formed a co-partnership for song and dance business, were the fresh appearances at the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre last week. They are good performers and met with a favorable reception. The Misses Ione Lang, Conchita Ronzali, Allie Drayton, Josephine Walby, Messrs. Lew Rattler and James Quinn continued during the week. *Matinees* are given every Tuesday and Friday.

THE TWO HUNDREDTH and last performance of "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is announced for this evening, March 18th, which has been set apart by Manager Daly for the benefit of Mr. D. H. Harkins, the leading man and stage manager. The attendance during the past week was very large, standing room being in demand. On Tuesday evening "Old Heads and Young Hearts," in which Mr. George Griffiths, an excellent impersonator of old men, will make his first appearance in this city during many years, is announced to be performed. On Wednesday "Fernande" is to be acted for the benefit of Miss Fanny Morant; on Thursday "Wives as They Were," and on Friday the "Provoked Husband."

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has taken a lease of the Grand Opera House, and will open it for a dramatic season early in September next.

THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE, it is said, has been leased for twelve months from Sept. 1st next to Maurice Grau, a brother of Grau, the operatic manager. It is proposed to give operatic performances.

THE DRESS REHEARSAL of the spectacle of "Lalla Rookh" by Joseph Foster, which is to be produced at the Grand Opera House this evening, March 18th, was attended by a large audience, and we think, a greater mistake was never made, a majority of those present being unable to understand the cause of the vexatious delays between scenes and acts and the repetition of various portions of the spectacle. The rehearsal commenced at half past eight o'clock and terminated about half past five o'clock the following morning. The larger portion of the audience, however, left shortly after midnight. The scenery is magnificent and the costumes and properties surpass anything of the kind hitherto witnessed in this city. The *ballet* is excellent, the *premieres* being among the best now in America. We need add nothing further at the present time, as we shall present a full review of the spectacle after having witnessed a public performance.

THE MARTINETTI TROUPE make their appearance at the Union Square Theatre on March 18th, in the burlesque on the Boston Peace Jubilee, and Monroe, the change artist, has also been added to the company. "Ernani; or, the Horn of a Dilemma," with Geo. Atkins and the Misses Annie Wood, Jennie Kimball, Minnie Jackson, and T. A. Freeman in the leadings *roles*, is the other attraction at this house, in addition to the usual vocalism and variety performances.

JOHN H. JACK returned to the city during the early part of the past week, having closed his traveling tour, during which he acted in "John Garth." On Easter Monday he will start on a tour through the New England circuit with a re-organized dramatic company.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, 718 Broadway, N. Y., states through his advertisement that the following people can be engaged:—Prof. Samuells, with his troupe of performing dogs, for the term of the season, and the Alexander Brothers, aerial gymnasts.

MR. HENRY GREENWALL, one of the recent managers of the Tremont Opera House at Galveston, Texas, has secured a lease of Lina Edwin's Theatre, which he proposes opening on Easter Monday, April 1st, with the Chapman Sisters and a first class burlesque company, the Hernandes Family of pantomimists, and other attractions. John W. Albaugh has been engaged as manager. It is Mr. Greenwall's intention to play a rapid succession of a number of popular stars for a limited number of nights each. He possesses energy, a good knowledge of business of the management, and deserves success in his new undertaking.

NAT AUSTIN, the equestrian director of Lent's New York Circus, was presented by the performers thereunto attached, on Saturday evening, March 16th, with a gold badge which may be described as follows:—From an elegantly chased gold pin depends a blue ribbon to which is attached a gold slide, upon which is elaborately engraved a view of a circus ring, surrounded by an audience; from the slide depends a heavy gold medal, richly chased and in the centre a raised figure of a man with a ring-whip in his hand. On the reverse side is the following inscription:—

"Presented to Nathan Austin, Esq., by the members of L. B. Lent's N. Y. Circus Company, as a token of their respect for him as a gentleman and of their appreciation of his ability as an equestrian director. New York, March 16th, 1872."

Dramatic.

ARCHBISHOPS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are reported by our correspondent, writing on March 15th, as follows:—"At the Globe Theatre, on March 11th, 'The Hidden Hand' was presented for the first time this season and has, up to the present writing, attracted a succession of excellent houses. Harry Linden, an old-time favorite, had been specially engaged to play the character of Wool, which is, in this version, the central figure. Mr. Linden's reappearance on the Chicago boards was the signal for prolonged applause. His dramatic version of the story made a favorable impression, and his acting of the character was almost perfection. Capitola Black was very neatly played by Blanche De Bar, though the character is not exactly suited to her style of acting. Mr. Lingham was not quite in his element as Black Donald, but he succeeded in playing the part well. Old Hurricane was nicely creditably enacted by W. J. Gross. Mrs. Stoneall assumed Mrs. Condiment in her characteristic style of excellence. The less important parts were in the main satisfactorily acted by the remainder of the company. To make the plantation scene one of the leading features, Hannaman, Sawyer and Manning and John Connor were engaged to appear in songs and dances. The company will take in a few of the interior towns next week to make room for the Wallace Sisters, who appear on the 18th for one week. They are splendidly billed and ought to do a good business.....Oliver Doud Byron is in his second and last week at the Academy of Music. Across the Continent,' with its many sensational situations, handsome scenery and appointments, continues to attract large audiences, which seem to be well pleased with the play and the acting of the company. Mr. Byron's acting of the Ferret is at all times easy, graceful and natural. Miss Bailey has been enacting the character of Louise Goodwin in place of Mrs. Myers, who was called away last week to the deathbed of her mother, Mrs. Anna Cruise. Mrs. Myers will resume the duties of the role. Mr. Byron appears in St. Louis, Mo., on the 18th. Miss Susan Denin succeeds Mr. Byron, opening in her new play, 'Will Hartley,' on the 18th."

THE "BLACK CROOK" was withdrawn from the boards of the Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., this evening, says our correspondent, writing on March 16th, adding that "a change in the agents took place during the week. Mr. Melville having retired from the company, Mr. Ferguson has appeared as Greppo, his place being filled by Mr. Dan Snow. In the ball-room scene, the additional attractions this week were Mlle. Zoe Zeonetti and Mons. Revini, who did a clever act on the *trapeze*. Herr Willis appeared in his contortion act and imitations of birds and animals, which were received with shouts of laughter. Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Stevens Sisters, singing, and several songs pleasingly, and the Snow Brothers—William and Ben—gave a good performance with the revolving globes. On the 18th Edwin Forrest will commence an engagement.....At the Capitol Theatre, Miss Augusta L. Dargon has succeeded in drawing a series of large houses with the legitimate. 'Camille' was performed on the 11th to one of the most appreciative audiences we have seen in the city of some time. On the 13th was presented the 'Hunchback.' Miss Dargon in this appeared to unusual advantage, her Julia being one of the best that we have ever witnessed. The Helen of Miss Weidman was another of this lady's excellent efforts. This lady is, at no distant day, destined to make for herself an enviable name in her profession. Mr. Keeble was, as usual, good as Master Walter. We were agreeably surprised at Mr. Sloan's performance of Master Modus. Mr. Foster appeared as Sir Thomas Clifford; Mr. Mack as Heartwell; Mr. Fisher as Wilford; all doing exceedingly well. The 'Lady of Lyons' was the bill for the 13th; 'Romeo and Juliet' for the 14th; 'Deborah' for the 15th, and 'Lucretia Borgia' and 'Lend Me Five Shillings' on the 16th. With Miss Dargon's engagement the regular winter season closes. She will inaugurate a spring season on April 1st, when he will bring out a pantomime, with new tricks, scenery, &c."

AT WIETING OPERA HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., E. A. Sothern performed in "Our American Cousin" March 13th, supported by an excellent company, under the management of Mr. John T. Ford. Our correspondent, writing on March 16th, says:—"The audience was large, and Mr. Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Miss Amy Roselle, as Georgina, was excellent, being elegantly dressed and easy in her action. Miss Effie Warren, as Florence, was very successful. Miss Lizzie Anderson, as Mrs. Mountchessington, was also well dressed and did the part full justice. Mr. C. B. Bishop, as Asa Trenchard, was capital, giving to the boys pictures of a wandering, good-natured, good-hearted Yankee ever presented to a Syracuse audience. Mr. J. M. Barron, as Murcott, and Mr. G. O. Morris, as Coyle, were both good. The balance of the company did well, and the entertainment passed off creditably." Mr. Sothern and company are billed to perform at Detroit, Mich., three nights, commencing March 18th.....Mrs. D. P. Bowers, supported by Mr. J. C. McCollom, also under management of Mr. J. T. Ford, will appear at Wieting Opera House, March 18th, in 'Lady Audley's Secret,' and in "East Lynne," March 19th."

WM. HORACE LINGARD and company began a SIX nights' engagement at the theatre, Savannah, Ga., on March 11th. Our correspondent, writing on March 14th, says:—"On the opening night 'A Pretty Piece of Business,' Lingard's specialties and 'David Garrick' were rendered. On Tuesday, 'Delicate Ground' and 'Naval Engagements.' On Wednesday, 'Fron Fron,' and to-night, 'War to the Knife.' Business, thus far, very good. Lingard is duly appreciated and has made many admirers on this his first appearance in Savannah. They appear in Augusta, Ga., 16th; Atlanta, 21st and 22d; Macon, 23d and 25th; Columbus, 28th and 29th; Eufalia, Ala., 30th; Montgomery, Ala., April 1st, 2d and 3d, and Selma, 4th and 5th.....The Leon Brothers' Pantomime Troupe, March 18th, for six nights."

HARRY LINDEN, comedian, can be addressed as per advertisement.

A HEAVY MAN and walking gentleman are wanted by Messrs. Blake & Co., who advertise.

DAVIS & Co., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., whose cards find elsewhere, want a full dramatic company at once, and they would like to hear from variety artists. They have also for disposal the half interest in a company.

J. MEYERFELD advertises for a harlequin and columbine to join a traveling troupe on April 1st.

W. M. LANNIER notifies managers and others that he has secured the exclusive right of playing "Buffalo Bill" in the New England States, excepting six towns. Two reliable men are wanted. See card elsewhere.

DOLLIE BIDWELL, supported by a dramatic company, performed during the past week at Springfield, Mass., and is to perform at Chicopee the present.

THAT BROKEN DUTCH ACTRESS—Janauschek—is billed to perform at Mobile, Ala., March 23d and 25d. During the season she has quarreled with nearly all the principal members of her company, and her support in consequence is inferior.

THE NEW YORK COMEDY COMPANY is the title of a new organization which will shortly start out on a tour through the New England States with Lester Wallack's drama of the "Veteran," now being performed at his theatre in this city with so much success. It will be produced with a strong company, new scenery and costumes. The route is as follows:—Hartford, Conn., April 1st and 2d; New Haven, 3d and 4th; Springfield, Mass., 5th and 6th; Worcester, 8th, 9th and 10th; Lowell, 11th and 12th; Portland, Me., 13th; Salem, Mass., 14th; Taunton, 16th; New Bedford, 17th; Providence, R. I., 18th, 19th and 20th; Newport, 22d; Woonsocket, 23d; Norwalk, Conn., 24th; Bridgeport, 25th and 27th; Middletown, 26th, and Albany, N. Y., 29th, for one week. Mr. Marvin Clark is the advance agent.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., is advertised to rent during the summer months.

WITH REGARD TO THE RECENT TROUBLE in A. W. Purcell's company performing at St. John, N. B., we have been requested to publish the following from the *Tribune* of Feb. 21st, published in that city:—

THE THEATRICAL FRACAS.—On Wednesday, Mr. A. W. Purcell was arrested on a warrant, issued by Mrs. W. E. Ayling, a member of his troupe. It appears that he laboured under the impression that if he paid the fine the matter would drop, not being aware that the Police Court business is an important feature in the newspapers. Rather than implicate those whom he would be obliged to call as witnesses, he submitted to the fine, but it appears that Mrs. Ayling and another person in the company have been the means, through getting members intoxicated, of changing the bills several times. It has been stormy all day, and during the evening quite a gale had arisen; but for some time the interest excited by the play was such that no one noticed the havoc of the elements until an unusual tossing of the boat and a fierce clap of thunder startled all to their feet and put a stop to the performance. "We're adrift!" shouted the doorkeeper, rushing out to the guard. "Boat's sinking!" yelled another. "Two inches of water in the dressing-rooms!" cried Anderson, coming up from the hold, shoes in hand. "Set the pumps to work!" called out the commodore, who had no opinion of water in which there was no whiskey. "*Pumps!*" said Collins, who would be facetious, "you'd better order a few cases of boots!" Amid this confusion of voices and the elemental din, all hands set to work bailing and pumping, and assistance being obtained from shore, it was discovered that some wags had decored the watch into a neighboring porter house to imbibe, had slipped the cables, and the old "tub" had been for half an hour drifting helplessly out to seaward. It may be assumed that that little enterprise was not a success.....We will now bring this effusion to a stop, in order that our associates may have a chance to bring in their reports from the scene of action.

City Summary.

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, Mr. John Brougham made his re-appearance on March 11th, having been prevented by illness from playing for a few nights previously, during which time Mr. Montgomery acted Oil-an-agan to the satisfaction of the audiences. The "Veteran" attracted a large attendance during the past week, and is announced for the present.

AT THE NEW YORK CIRCUS an entertaining programme was given during the past week, of which the salient features were:—somersault riding, by William Dutton, in which he displayed much daring, grace and skill; the "crystal pyramids" of F. Levantine evinced long practice; R. Rivers rode an act entitled "the Sailor;" Signor Faranta accomplished with apparent ease numerous contortions of his body, and Geo. E. Levastine, with his "magic barrel," gave a pleasing performance, which was much applauded. M'lle Caro

paise de Concert,' in a very brilliant manner. John E. Owens opens on March 18th, in the character of Caleb Plummer, in a dramatization of Dickens' story of 'Dot; or the Cricket on the Hearth,' and will be supported by John Mead, Mary Gary's great impersonation. The scenery is magnificent; in some scenes even better than the original setting. The act on the beach and the water effect was particularly noticeable. The Canterbury Cathedral, with the lighted interior, and the beautiful chorus of boy voices, was, however, the gem of the performance, and roused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. On Monday 'Alison Gray' is to be revived for a single night, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, and during the rest of the week 'Little Em'ly' will be performed. On Monday evening, 25th inst., Edwin Forrest appears as King Lear..... At the St. James the successful 'Enchantress' was presented during the early portion of the week to good houses, and on Thursday evening 'The Mute Singer' was brought out. This has proved quite a hit, is even an improvement on the 'Enchantress,' and bears considerable resemblance to 'The Debutante,' but in treatment is much superior, the interest being well sustained throughout. Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard appears to great advantage as Sylvie de la Roche and sings the music allotted to her delightfully, especially 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.' Henri Drayton, in the old Frenchman, Maitre Barbejen, gives a perfect piece of character acting, and sings in his usual splendid style. Annie Wadle made her first appearance at this theatre, playing a bright, lively soubrette part, in which she made a decided hit. The remainder of the cast was scarcely an improvement upon last week, but they tried hard, and that certainly ought to expose a multitude of sins. Last night Mrs. Bernard had a 'good audience of her benefit, and 'The Mute Singer' was given to the satisfaction of all. 'The Daughter of the Regiment' is in preparation.....Mr. Arthur Cheney sailed for Europe on the 9th inst."

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS, up to March 18th, are given to the appended effect by our correspondent:—"The principal dramatic event of the week has been the production of the spectacular 'Necromancer of Egypt,' by Messrs. Martin and Deagle, of St. Louis, at the National Theatre, in a manner that fairly surpasses 'The Black Crook.' 'Undine,' and all previous spectacles produced in this city. As to its dialogue, which is the incubration of George W. Thompson, the leading actor, it abounds in the usual stage banner and stage heroics, both a little exaggerated, but both answering very well. It is not very original, combining one the general plot—a necromancer controlled up by the d——l because he can't furnish enough victims for his sulphuric majesty—rather strongly of 'The Black Crook,' upon which it is manifestly founded. However, the author deserves the credit of ingenuity, if not of genius; but, as a spectacle, the piece abounds in new effects and beautiful scenery, marches and ballets. In the first act the closing scene represents Satan in council, seated upon a golden globe, surrounded by his imps. Its introduces, with odd effect, a demon *ballet*, by Mlles Antonino, Mazzeri and Idalie, supported by some twenty-five coryphees. The main scene of the next act is an Egyptian palace interior, which is certainly gorgeous, and in this scene, Musidora and the Viceroy, the hero and heroine, come on in chariots drawn by troops of slaves. After this a unique Bal dance is performed by Mlles Ophelia, Hearn, Leroy and Thomas, and this is not winds up with a grand march of Amazons, by some fifty young ladies, which is about the finest thing of the play. The third has two good scenes, first an Egyptian charnel house or hall of skeletons, which then transforms into a grotto of beauty, introducing the full *ballet* again. The fourth act opens on a beautifully set Egyptian grove, which gradually fades away into the finest transformation scene ever seen here and the play closes. The cast comes from St. Louis with the piece, and embraces Geo. W. Thompson in the triple *role* of Demetri, Necromancer and the Viceroy; W. J. Stantvn as Boabdil, H. Chapman as Satan. Sig. Constantine as Kaldras, H. L. Lampe as Pulvius, Edwin Barnes as Medon, Jennie Parker as Musidora, Miss Hastings as Madame Boabdil, Marie Le Gros as Widow Turcosa, and Joseph Wood, W. J. Rankin, J. K. Byrne, Chas. Archer, B. Cotton, Chas. Hunniwell, the Misses Forrester, Alice Fortesque and Clarissa Montague in the minor speaking parts. George J. Deagle manages the stage, with Thos. C. Noxon for scenic artist; John J. Williams, properties; Oscar Warden, calcium lights; Sig. Constantine, *ballet* master; W. J. Stanton and Mrs. M. A. Deagle, costumers, and Prof. Biessenhorn, director of choruses. The piece ought to have a run of several weeks. It is now drawing crowded houses.....At Wood's, Frank Mayo opened his second week with the 'Octoroon,' which has been so successful that it has been kept on the entire week. Mayo himself played 'Wild Pete,' a very good slave, and did it forcibly and laughably, making the character rather more prominent than the author intended. Zoe was beautifully rendered by Mrs. B. Macauley, and the leading characters of Salem Scudder and Jacob McCloskey were strongly brought out by B. Macauley and J. E. Whiting. The rest of the cast was as follows:—George Peyton, R. Russell; Wahnotee, H. E. Wood; Capt. Raita, H. C. Barton; Dunnyside, A. W. Church; Col. Poindexter, John Marble; La Fourche, R. C. Grierson; Solon, W. T. Johnson; Jackson, E. L. Mortimer; Chalborne, G. Howard; Callion, C. Waite; Thibodeaux, F. Vickers; Paul, Fannie Prestige; Dora Sunnyside, Mary Davenport; Mrs. Peyton, Charlotte Crampton; Dido, Grace and Minnie, Mrs. Salisbury and the Misses Kent and Smith. The scenery was new and good, the depiction of the burning steamboat being a fine piece of scenic effect. This week winds up Mr. Mayo's stay. On Monday, the Chapman Sisters and E. A. Locke begin a week's engagement, followed on the 25th by Kate Fisher.....The Germans have now two regular theatres in the city—the Stadt and one located at Arbeiter hall."

MRS. ANNA MARBLE, the well known actress, died of erysipelas, at Cincinnati, O., on the evening of March 11th, at the residence of Mr. B. Macauley, the manager of Wood's Theatre, in that city, whose family she was temporarily visiting. Some three weeks previous to her demise she had accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Macauley to visit them, and whilst *en route* from her place of residence—Chicago Ill.—to Cincinnati, she took cold on a sleeping car and shortly after her arrival in the latter city was prostrated with the disease which caused her death. Her husband, Mr. Henry Marble, a daughter, Mrs. Mary Myers, and sister, Mrs. John B. Rice, at Chicago, both of whom went to Cincinnati. After a few days Mrs. Marble apparently became convalescent, but a relapse followed which caused her death as above stated. Mrs. Marble, a daughter of William Warren, an acter of repute, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1st, 1815, and made her *debut* on the dramatic stage at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in 1833, as Rosalie Somers in "Town and Country." She afterwards played the leading business under the management of F. C. Wemyss, alternating between his theatres in Philadelphia, Pa., and Pittsburgh. In the year 1835 and '36 she was a member of the stock company at the theatre in Buffalo, N. Y., then under the management of her brother-in-law, Mr. John B. Rice, and while acting there she was married in Nov. 1836 to Danford Marble, a rising comedian, who afterwards achieved great renown as an actor of "Yankee" characters. With him she traveled throughout the country. He died at Louisville, Ky., May 13th, 1849, of Asiatic cholera. Mrs. Marble then went to Chicago, Ill., and became a member of the stock company in the theatre under the management of Mr. J. B. Rice, where she continued until that gentleman retired from professional pursuits and afterwards acted at McVicker's Theatre until some three or four years since when she retired from the profession. She had five brothers and sisters, all of whom were connected with the profession—William Warren, the popular comedian of the Boston Museum; Henry Warren, a manager for some years at Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. John B. Rice, an excellent actress; Mrs. D. Hanshett and the late Mrs. Joseph Proctor, both of whom won much repute in the pursuit of their profession. She leaves six children, all but one of whom have adopted the stage as a profession—Mary, the wife of Mr. Samuel Myers, a popular actor and manager, for many years identified with the stock company in Chicago, Ill.; William, Danford, Emma, John and Edward. Mrs. Marble was a good actress, thoroughly devoted to her art, and possessed estimable qualities as a wife and mother. She was highly respected, not only by her fellow-professionals, but by a large circle of friends in Chicago and Buffalo, who will mourn her demise. The funeral services took place at Chicago on the afternoon of March 14th at the residence of Sculptor Rice, the funeral service in the Episcopal Church being intoned by Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., rector of Grace Church, who paid a fervent tribute to the noble life and spotless character of the deceased. The remains were enclosed in an elegant rosewood casket profusely covered with rare and beautiful floral offerings. Among the mourners were William Warren, the comedian, who made the journey thither from Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. ex-Mayor J. B. Rice of Buffalo, Henry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Myers and others, including many members of the dramatic profession. The remains were taken to Graceland for interment.

E. T. STETSON commenced a six nights' engagement at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, Ont., March 11th, appearing in Charles Foster's sensational drama, "Neck and Neck." Our correspondent, writing on March 18th, says:—"This piece, in pluck, dialogue and situations, is far superior to the run of sensational dramas which have been produced here lately. In the *role* of the hero, Walter Wilmarth, Mr. Stetson displays acting of great merit, being particularly good in the scenes requiring a passionate display of feeling, in which he never fails in drawing forth rounds of applause. Miss Marion Summers, who accompanied Mr. Stetson, sustaining the *role* of Jenny, and by her piquant and vivacious style of acting soon ingratiated herself into the favor of the audience. As Jim Johnson, Allan Halford favored us with an excellent piece of acting, and the part of Carrol Denman, which, in competent hands might have been made the character of the play, received but a miserable representation from Mr. P. Sullivan. By his acting and make-up of Curtis Pumpkin, William Davidge, Jr., made quite a hit, it being the best sustained character in the piece after Mr. Stetson's. As Simon Pumpkin, Jr., Harry Lindley was full of humor and kept the house convulsed with laughter. E. M. Bellew rendered the brief part of Gilbert Farnsworth in a manner deserving of the highest praise. The Sir Richard Freeland of J. R. Spackman was an excellent piece of acting. G. H. Barton, who is uniformly good in everything he undertakes, made the role of Adolphus Darling no exception to the rule. Blanche Bradshaw infused into the part of Carrie Freeland an amount of feeling and pathos which won admiration and applause. Maggie Harold's rendition of the part of Fanny Bolivar was all that could be desired. As Peg, the old gipsy witch, Florence Webster characterized the part well." As the hussy old widow, Mrs. Bolivar, Mrs. Bradshaw was quite at home. The same may be said of Belle Sydney as Mrs. Farnsworth. Neck and Neck' has retained the boards thus far in the week to excellent business, and will be played the balance of the week. On March 18th Falconer's last sensation, 'Eileen Oge,' will be produced, with new scenery and effects."

MRS. J. A. GARDI'S COMIC OPERA TROUPE appeared at the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., on March 11th, in "Fortunio." On Tuesday "Jean" and the "Prima Donna of a Night" constituted the bill. Our correspondent, writing on March 14th, says:—"Last evening 'An Alarming Sacrifice' and the "Guild of the Regiment' was given to a large and appreciative audience. In the farce, Mr. Crane, as Bob Ticket, more than pleased the audience with his drolleries and comicalities. Miss Cooper, as Susan, was all that she should be. Mr. Pratt, as Bugwash, was funny, but too boisterous. In the 'Child of the Regiment' Mrs. Oates, as Josephine, was natural and artless in her manner, and won the admiration of all. She has a sweet, clear voice, that rings with melody, a beautiful form and is in fact a bewitching little sprite. Mr. Drew showed his handsome form to great advantage as Gulliot, and played the lover excellently well. Mr. Allen, as Sergeant Sealade, thoroughly identified himself with that character. Mrs. Allen, as the Marchioness de Berkenfeldt, rendered the part well. The character of Pumpernickel was assigned to Mr. Crane and he was perfectly at home. Of Mr. Pratt and Miss Cooper we must say their parts were well rendered. This evening 'The Pair One with the Blonde, Wig' is to be given. Business has been very good and is increasing nightly. The company go hence to Columbia for three nights, 18th, 19th and 20th. Next week the Academy will be closed. April 1st, Lydia Thompson opens for one week."

W. H. LANNIER is referred to Waldorf H. Phillips' card elsewhere.

EDWIN FORREST opened at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on March 16th, for five nights, in "Richelieu," and during the week appeared in "Virginius," "Hamlet," "King Lear" and "Jack Cade." Our correspondent writing on March 18th, states that "Forrest's Richelieu and King Lear can hardly be improved upon, in fact they are as near perfection as could be desired. His Jack Cade, Virginius and Hamlet, however, are not as well played by him as in days of yore, as was plainly visible to all during the week. 'Old boy Time' has laid his grip upon him in real earnest, and it is almost painful to see him go through some of his performances. Accompanying Mr. Forrest as leading lady was Miss Kellogg, a debutante of excellent material. He was also admirably supported by the stock company, Messrs. Crosse, Laurens, Hastings and Coen, and ladies Hardy, Croizes and Jamieson being worthy of special mention. Mrs. Waller appeared as Meg Merrilies at the matinee, Saturday afternoon, and in the evening Josie Booth did the 'French Spy.' The 'Black Crook,' in all its glory, will be produced on the 18th."

CHAS. T. PARSLOE and his pupil, Little Smith, opened at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, March 11th, in "Out at Sea," and, says our correspondent, under date of March 12th, "drew good audiences throughout the week. In the roles of The Caulker and Rick respectively they displayed a rather novel order of character acting, which, however, met with great favor. Miss Rosa Randall Alice, and Miss Olivia as Nannie, both played with force and correctness. W. H. Power as Arthur Denton, F. A. Anderson as Robert Denton, W. M. Ward as Garry Caulker, E. Stedman as Jack Latimer, F. Stedman as Mark Randall, J. Reibert as Pat Belton, Geo. Ober as Tom Lamperts, Mrs. Germon as Abigail and Mrs. Chester as Esmeralda deserve favorable mention. The play was well mounted, the representation of a ship being an especially fine product of mechanical skill. Joe Murphy opens here on the 18th in 'Help.'.....At the Grand Opera House, on the 18th, 'Divorce' will be produced by Furbish and Wilson's Dramatic Company."

MR. W. H. SMITH having leased the Seventh Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., for a short season to the New York German Dramatic Company, is now making a visit to San Francisco, Cal., during the time they are playing and will return in season to resume the management at the expiration of their season, and novel and startling attractions, for which he is now negotiating, are to be presented.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed a series of six performances at St. Johnsville, N. Y., on March 9th, and are very highly spoken of by an occasional correspondent.

Musical.

MARTINI CHESKEY'S exhibition was at Danielsonville, Conn., March 14th; New London, 15th; Norwich, 16th; and is billed to be at Mystic, 18th, and Westerly, R. I., 19th.

PROF. H. R. EYRAUD'S magician, with gifts; Ned Fenton, banjoist; Johnny Parker, clogging, and Prof. Du Virnay, contortionist, performed last week at Mexico, Mo., and are billed to perform during the present at Columbia, and thence to Moberly, for six nights.

WITH REGARD to the non-appearance of the Luca Family at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., as reported by our correspondent in our past issue, we have received a letter dated Fredonia, March 11th, and signed "Luca Family," stating "that some one advertised us there without authority," and they think it was probably the work of an agent recently discharged by them. They have been detained at Zanesville since the latter part of February, owing to the illness of Olmstead Luca.

JAS. ALLYN, cornet player, advertises for an engagement.

MRS. JOHN F. COLE, the wife of the manager of the Grand Opera House, in this city, recently gave a musical entertainment at their residence, East Somerville, Mass., for the benefit of the Homœopathic Hospital. The tickets were all sold in advance, and a handsome amount was realized.

DELEHANTY, HENGLER AND SPAULDING'S Classical and Comical Concert Company performed at Bath, Me., March 12th and 14th; Gardner, 13th; Augusta, 16th, and is billed ahead as follows:—Auburn, 18th; Lewiston, 19th and 20th; Great Falls, N. H., 21st; Dover, 22d, and Lawrence, Mass., 23d.

THE MARIOTTI ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE performed at Nashville, Tenn., March 18th, 14th, 15th and 16th.

THE BELLMANS, a family who play the clarionet, violin and first baritone, want engagements. See W. H. Titus' advertisement.

WENZEL KOPTA will give a concert at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst., on which occasion he will have the assistance of Messrs. S. B. Mills, Charles H. Jarvis, F. Remmertz and other well known artists.

THE PAREPA-ROSA TROUPE will give three performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 19th inst., and the afternoon and evening of the 20th, the latter occasion being the farewell benefit and last appearance in Philadelphia of Mme. Parepa-Rosa.

AIMEE and her Opera *Bouffe* Company opened for one week at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, March 11th, in Offenbach's opera bouffe, "La Grand Duchesse," to a crowded house, supported by Mlle. Rose, as Prite, Duchesse de Roum, and Edgar as Puck, wrote our correspondent on March 13th, adding:—"Tuesday evening 'La Perichole' was given to another full house, and was received by the audience far better than 'La Grand Duchesse,' Aimee and the whole company acting and singing in a superior style. Aimee as La Perichole, a street singer, was a decided success, and in her duet at Hoop La, with Mr. Noe, she was warmly *encored*. Mr. Noe, as Piquillo, was well received. Mr. Edgar as the Governor, and Duchesne as the Viceroy, we e very good. To-day, Wednesday, Aimee gives a *matinee*, presenting the well-known opera, 'Les Brigands,' and to-night she gives 'Barbe Bleue.' Friday evening Aimee takes a benefit, when will be presented 'Le Petit Faust' and 'Le Soupirs.' So far this company have played to the best houses which we have had here this season, and this too at an increase of fifty per centum in the price of reserved seats."

THE PAREPA-ROSA OPERA TROUPE, under the direction of Carl Rosa, opened on March 11th at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, Md., for one week. The company comprises Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mrs. Van Zant, Miss Clara Thayer, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Castle, Mr. Winner, Mr. Stanley, Tom Karl, Castle, Campbell, Cook, Seguin, and others. On Monday evening the "Marriage of Figaro" was presented; Tuesday, "Zampa;" Wednesday, "Der Wassertrager;" Thursday, "Faust;" Friday, "Bohemian Girl;" Saturday afternoon, "Zampa;" Saturday night, "Don Giovanni." The audiences have been good.....

MLLE. ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, prima donna, is playing a star engagement at the Concordia Opera House. So wrote our correspondent on March 15th.

HARRY THOROGOOD, whose address is in another column, can be engaged for the tenting season. He plays the fiddle, piccolo and alto.

GEO. HORN, tenor drummer, advertises for an engagement.

JULIAN BRESAN and Kate Brevoort have been engaged to travel with Washburn's Great Moral Show the coming season.

MRS. EMMA EDWARDS ADAIR (formerly Mrs. J. V. Chaddock, wife of a violinist of note, who died some six years ago) died at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 9th of March, of congestion of the brain, after only a day's illness, leaving a son and daughter, both minors.

OF MUSICAL MATTERS in Boston, Mass., our correspondent remits us the appended report, dated March 16th:—"B. J. Lang gave one of his musical afternoons at the Globe on Thursday last, 14th inst., drawing a fair house..... Christian Suckow, assisted by Messrs. Packard and Pessenden. Miss Sawyer, and others, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Meionaon Hall.....Miss Lelia, who is also very youthful, besides being very comely, charming and lady like, acted her part with a most bewitching *elan*. A number of familiar and delightful songs were rendered by these two talented girls in an acceptable manner. Mr. Ellis' make-up as Pan was perfect, and his acting very amusing. The balance of the programme comprised the acrobatic feats of Prof. W. Melville and Young America, dances by Edward Loughlin; the negro comicalities of Pete Lee and Jas. S. Edwards, and the *ballet* of "Terpsichore," in which the Remmelsberg Sisters, Miss Susie Summerfield, and the *corps-de-ballet* participated. Sappho and Mr. Ellis close Saturday. The Clair Sisters, Kitty Rowell, and Harry Mack, Jupiter, are announced to open on Monday, 18th....At the Opera House the concerts have been good. The performances consisted of the specialties of Messrs. Quilter and Goldrick, Messrs. Painter and Durand, M. Gallagher, Otto Berbank, Dick Parker, the Misses Louise, Kate Partington, Amy De Brent, Clara May, Fanny May, and Louise Davis. The Hernan Brothers, managers of this establishment, were the recipients of a grand benefit on Thursday afternoon and evening. Mr. Quilter and Goldrick close Saturday. For the 18th, Mlle. Lonez and her infant gymnastic troupe, Mollie Russell, Minnie Rainforth and W. C. Burton are underlined. So wrote our correspondent on March 16th.

AT THE THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, the only new appearance during the week ending the 16th inst., was Master Oscar Hammerstein's, the "Boy Terror." The sensational burlesque of "Philadelphia by Day and by Night" was revived, and presented every evening in conjunction with the last novelty, "The Female Swimmers." Neal Conway in a capital jig, and Paddy Rooney in his Irish songs, are great favorites at this establishment.

THE MATTHEWS FAMILY made their appearance at the Howard Athenæum, Boston on the 11th inst., Master Willie making the same sensation as of old by his remarkable exhibition of varied talents. Pattie Stewart also appeared in a short sketch, and Eph Horn, Jr., appeared the first three evenings, and then closed his engagement. The following performers close with this week:—Walla Brothers, Sheridan and Mack, Bettie and Emily Rigl.....Next week, the new comers are Bantanti, *premiere danseuse*; Bee le Sadlow, soubrette; J. H. Badworth, Williams and Mankin, and Charles Austin. Business at this establishment is immense, says our correspondent, writing on March 16th.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Richmond, Va., is drawing good houses nightly. Minnie Seamon, *serio-comic* and an excellent one, was the only new face the past week. Fannie Deane holds her own. Tim Morris, Gus Frank and the Howe Bros. are always good. So wrote our correspondent on March 16th.

THE VARIETY HALLS in Cincinnati are thus depicted by our correspondent, writing on the 16th inst.:—"At 19 Race Street Theatre the new appearances on Monday were La belle Helene, Miss Geto Pizzaro and John Rivers, and last night (Tuesday) Sallie Eldridge and Emma Devere commenced. Annie Hindle also has been re-engaged for another week. La belle Helene is a nice vocalist, and an old favorite here. John Rivers, besides dancing a sailor's hornpipe, has two intelligent performing dogs. Nellie and Jumping Joe. Sallie Eldridge is a very good serio-comic vocalist, and has taken well, and Emma Devere as a *danseuse* has made a favorable impression. Annie Hindle's changes continue to be a leading attraction. "The Can-can Necromancer," a dusted form of the much abused original piece, has been the wind-up, with belle Helene as Queen of Mabille, Annie Hindle as Sir Arthur Frederic, and the balance of the cast by Nellie McNairy, Sallie Eldridge, Mlle. Sallie, Emma Devere, Lottie Georgia, Geto Pizzaro, P. H. Seamon, Frank Steele, John Rivers, Phil Gibbons and Jim Finley. Annie closes to-morrow night, going to Broom's, Memphis. Frank Steele and Mlle Sallie are also to wind up this week, and go hence to St. Louis. Business has been very good.....Over the way at the Olympic Varieties the new star this week have been Johnny Mack, *banjo comique*; Johnny Richardson, song and dance man, and Prof. Owens, wizard, who does the 'Talking Heads' act. Tonight Annie Gibbons has been tendered a complimentary benefit, and, besides the regular company, the following have volunteered:—Little Manny May, infant vocalist; Annie Florence, jigger; Mollie St. Maruns and Carrie Austin, vocalist and Emma Barrett, dancer. Charley Barbine and Millie Bascore close this week, going to Toledo. George Morton and Tim Woodruff closed last week. Mollie St. Martins opens next week. Business just fair.....At the Olympic, Ida Wallace closed last week, and this week Miss Lou Rainford, vocalist and dancer, began. Charley Benedict, M. A. Griffo, Charles Wood, Cooper Klein, Charles Gregory, J. W. Strang, Annie Watson and Maggie Archer still remain. The burlesque called 'Across the Country,' in three acts, continues the main feature of the programme. A burlesque on 'Macbeth' is promised.....At the Pacific the new appearances have been Lizzie Johnson, a nice little singer and dancer; the Holland Brothers, gymnasts and trapeze performers, and Jim McCaffin, song and dance man. Charley Correll and Belle Williams quit on Monday without a moment's notice. Johnny Stout and E. P. Belden closed last week. Master Victor also quit last week, going with Billy Manning's Minstrels.....A party to open a new hall in Evansville was taken from here this week, consisting of Joe Childs, Johnny Donaldson, John Long, Jessie Williams, Harry Alberts and Ida Wallace. Jerry Johnson is proprietor of the venture, and Harry Alberts stage manager.....A party started for California this week, with the child violinist, 'Americus,' embracing Johnny Stout, Charley Correll, and Belle Williams, expecting to recruit *en route*."

AT THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Washington, D. C., an agreeable programme was presented during the past week, and business was good. Blanche Stanley continued her attractive songs with good effect. Maggie Gray performed on the banjo and did a clever song and dance. Lida White gave her champion jig and also did a song and dance. Dedy Zanfretta and Maude De Lisle appeared in their usual specialties, and Frank Wood in his Ethiopian, and J. T. Kelly in his hibernian eccentricities. The Misses Hattie and Louise—are announced for March 18th. Will C. Burton and Minnie Rainforth closed on March 16th and went to the Baltimore Opera House. Their line of business is songs, general comedy and soubrette drilling, in which they are very successful. So wrote our correspondent on March 17th.

BROOK'S OPERA HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., is flourishing under the efficient stage management of Charley White. Among the new people the past week were Miss Kate Thomason, *danseuse* and vocalist, and Miss Mabile De Verney, protean actress. Both have been very well received. The favorite vocalist at present is Miss Chrissie Morrell. The most popular song and dance lady is Miss Viola Stanley. Miss Nellie Irene is a charming vocalist, and so is Miss Helene Devere, the long time favorite. Miss Maggie Loraine is a fascinating *danseuse*, and Miss Emmazetta a charming *cantatrice*. Neil Rogers, the finished comedian, continues to grow in favor. Geo. Wild and Jimmie Taylor are both excellent song and dance artists and good comedians. Charley Write is as successful as an actor as a stage manager. The future manager Broom will give a family *matinee* every Saturday afternoon.....Manager Schooles keeps things lively at the Olympic Varieties. The latest additions to his company are the Misses Celia Renard, Minnie Warner and Mr. Jno. Weaver, all of whom have been very well received. Miss Renard is especially popular as a terpsichorean artist. Mr. Weaver's specialty is "O! Black Joe," of which he claims to be the original. The popularity of Miss Lizzie Whalen as a vocalist, abates not a jot. Miss Lizzie Buchanan continues to improve as a *danseuse*. Dave Williams' banjo solo is always a treat. Prof. Marrietta goes alone since the departure of the Henry Family. His aerial feats and horizontal bar performances are not less appreciated than formerly. Billy Banks has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to do his songs and dances. Miss Julia De Lee is as popular as ever in her terpsichorean efforts. Miss Minnie Warner bids fair to become very popular as a vocalist. Miss Minnie Baker appears next week. So wrote our correspondent on March 14th.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Springfield, Ill., reopened for the spring and summer seasons on March 18th with an entirely new company, consisting of the following people:—Geo. Kurtz and Geo. White, comedians; Johnny Curtis, interlocutor, and the Misses Jennie St. Clair, Mattie Sevmour, Maud Lewis, with J. L. Wolf, violinist, and Harry Boutier, pianist. Kurtz, in his laughable Dutch acts, is immitable. Geo. White, in his pathetic strains, is loudly applauded, as is also Johnny Curtis, in his Irish business. The beautiful and dashing little Mattie Seymour, although suffering from a severe sore throat and cold, has succeeded in making many friends since her appearance here. Maud Lewis, and in sketches her acting is very pleasing. Maud Lewis, in her ballad singing, has made a favorable impression in the city, as has, also, Jennie St. Clair in her character songs. Geo. Kurtz closes on the 16th to open at Burling-ton Hall, Chicago, Ill., on the 18th. Johnny Curtis is to succeed him in the business management of this house. Business has been very good. So wrote our correspondent on March 14th.

ELLA WESNER and Fannie Archer were the additions to the company at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 11th. I have therefore spoken of the excellence of Miss Wesner as a character vocalist. Her songs are received with enthusiastic approval. Fannie Archer met with a very cordial reception from the large audience. The death of Miss Archer's father occasioned her return east on the 12th inst. Bowman and Harris are giving new songs and dances this week, which elicit warm commendation. Turner and Lester's acts are as popular as ever. John and Maggie Fielding are very clever in their specialties, and their performances are heartily appreciated. The female Minstrels are among the most popular features that Manager Aims has introduced this season. The costumes of the girls are very pretty and tast ful. The attendance has been large every night during the week, and the *matinees* are liberally patronized. John and Maggie Fielding go to Detroit next week. Clara Burton's engagement expires on the 16th. Ella Wesner, Bowman and Harris, Turner and Lester, the Cinetop Sisters, Fiona Benton, Tilly Prestige, Mlle Leoline and Helene Revere will be retained. Those putting in appearances on the 18th inst., will be Miss Annie Braddon, vocalist; Mlle Henriette, ligrist; Victorella gymnastic; Geo. W. Herman, e-median; Emma Grattan and Lew Spencer, Dutch comedian. Stage manager Pin Simmons has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness. So wrote our correspondent on March 15th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

ANDY MCKEE and Steve Rogers, at present with Manning's Minstrels, appear to be meeting with success, as will be seen by a press notice inserted in another column.

WHY HAS NOT BALTIMORE, Md., a permanent minstrel company? This is not a conundrum, but an enquiry upon the part of citizens of that place, who think that if a good minstrel troupe would lease one of the many halls to be had and locate for a season, they would meet with success, both artistically and financially. In support of such belief he asserts that during the summer months companies visit that city, and notwithstanding the great heat, attract large audiences. In addition to the theatre going people in support of the above, who think that if such are well patronized, but they desire, he thinks, an entertainment of short duration, which ladies and children can attend. Minstrel managers should give this some consideration.

PURDY, SCOTT AND FOOTHILL'S MINSTRELS commenced a season at West Denver, Colorado, on March 4th. They have retained Carter's Hall with a stage and scenery, and the principal members of the company are as follows:—Sam Purdy, comedian; M. Ainsley Scott, basso and interlocutor; Footelle, female impersonator; Frank Jones, song and dance; Arthur Stanwood, tenor; Thomas Baker, second tenor, and Henry Millard, contralto.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS performed at Portland, Me., March 14th and 16th, and are billed ahead as follows:—Bath, 18th; Bangor, 20th; Auburn, 21st; Lawrence, Mass., 23th; Concord, N. H., 27th, and Manchester, 30th.

AT THE ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, several new features were last week added to the programme by Moran and Dixey's Minstrels. In the first part Mr. J. G. Russell sang "The Day when You'll Forget Me," and Mr. F. Wells elicited much applause for his masterly delivery of the ballad of "Nettie May." In the olio the "Monster Concert" introduced Eugene's vocalism, enlivened by the humor of Frank Moran as the conductor. Unsworth gave utterance to some absurdly funny remarks on the "Sunday Law," and Silles and Phelps appeared in their neat songs and dances. The amusing sketches of "The Rival Wizards" and "Dignity and Impudence" introduced Frank Moran and E. V. Dixey in their best sustained characters. The new musical sketch of "Nilsson at Last" gave G. W. H. Griffin, Unsworth and Eugene an opportunity to display much humor. On the 18th inst. Unsworth and Eugene's burlesque opera of "Il Trovatore" will be produced, and Mr. Monroe Dempster, the well-known tenor, will make his first appearance here. Mr. Johnny T. Donnelly, who has been connected with this establishment since its re-opening in the capacity of treasurer, resigned on the 9th inst. that position, the duties of which he filled with uniform courtesy and satisfaction to all. On the 23d inst. Frank Moran will have a benefit.

SIMMONS & SCOCUM'S MINSTRELS attracted large houses last week, at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa. The vocal efforts of J. H. Murphy, C. S. Fredericks and Master Donald Harold, in their respective ballads of "Darling Bessie," "Birdie, Never Tell" and "Don't You Cry So, Norah, Darling," elicited the most applause in the first part, while the comic ditties of Billy Sweetnam and Lew Simmons were provocative of much mirth. The well-executed song and dances of J. W. Welch and J. Rice, and the laughable interlude of "Connor's Brass Band" were the other chief features of the programme, concluding with the pantomime of "Magulin," in which Alex. Zanfretta sustains the part of Macton, afterward Clown, with irresistible drollery. "Masuin" will be repeated the present week, having proved so successful in attracting large audiences.

THE ALHAMBRA, San Francisco, Cal., was the scene of brilliant crowds all this week. At no time in the annals of the minstrel stage has a better show been presented here than the one now given at this place by the Emerson Minstrels. A company of phenomenal strength and a constant change of bill is the reason of its success. The bill this week in the first part was as follows:—Little Bessie Moon, Harry Norman; Oyster, Fayette Welch; Sweet Evangeline, S. Holdsworth; Old Grimes' Cellar Door, Billy Emerson. In the second part Harry Stanwood gave a banjo solo with a few remarks; Milburn sang in character; Fayette Welch made his "Request;" the Great Heywood executed the soprano song; Emerson in his rollicking, grotesque way, strutted as the Greenhorn Drum Major; The Reynolds Brothers danced plantation breakdowns, and the company appeared together in the farce, "Machievous Nigger." Miss Milburn and Add Ryman are to appear soon with the present company. Sam Wetherill, treasurer of the house, has been presented by the company with a handsome gold headed cane, with a quaint setting, as a token of their appreciation of him for a genuine good fellow. The handle is inscribed as follows:—"Sam Wetherill from Emerson's Minstrels, March 5th, 1872." So wrote our correspondent on March 9th.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn, L. I., Campbell's new burlesque of "Bill Buffalo" is to be produced on March 18th, and Bernardo will commence a second week's engagement. The new programme includes E. Harrigan's new act of "The Calmyerky Band." Kelly and Leon's troupe commences a star engagement there in April.

"BUFFALO BILL" was the drama of last week at Donnelly's, Brooklyn, L. I., Olympic. This week Miss Lottie Power and O'Donoghue, the Irish comedian, join the forces there, the latter appearing in the drama of "Rory, Emmet."

BISHOP'S SERENADERS sang in Providence, R. I., March 13th and 14th, to good business. This troupe was organized at Meriden, Conn., on the 8th, and now offer a very good show. They appeared at Pawtucket on the 15th; Phœnix, 16th, and are billed for Taunton, Mass., on the 18th; North Bridgewater, 19th, and Plymouth, 20th. So wrote our correspondent on March 16th.

CHASE'S ALABAMA MINSTRELS are billed to perform at Manchester, N. H., April 1st.

J. G. SHOREY, of minstrel fame, it is said, will start upon the road with a minstrel company early in April.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are billed to perform at Buffalo, N. Y., March 18th and 19th.

ARLINGTON, COTTON AND KEMBLE'S MINSTRELS, Chicago, Ill., are meeting with success. The prominent feature of the bill consist of a burlesque of "John Garth," arranged by G. Harrigan, and the burlesque, "Across the Continent," by J. R. Kemble, both amusing and well acted. Harrigan and Hart continue their "Listle Frauds," which is heartily applauded. Arlington's banjo solo is, as usual, enjoyable, while the ballads of Phillips, Dwyer and Sherrit are well rendered. Frank Kent's character songs are well sung, and the pathetic quarrel by Arlington, Price, Harrigan and Hart is immense. Mr. Kemble has written a new sensation, styled "Progress," and will produce it at an early day.....Mr. Tom Foley has just returned from Indianapolis, Ind., where he has been visiting Manning's Minstrels, of which he is the Advance ahead of the company. He reports the party as doing an excellent business. So wrote our correspondent on March 18th.

Circuses.

To Circus Proprietors, Managers and Agents.

In accordance with our annual custom, we shall publish in April an authentic record of the various circus companies for the ensuing season, and would request that managers and agents will send us their usual favors at as early a date as possible, not later than April 8th. A full list of performers engaged, a description of the outfit, the place from which the show will start; and such items of general interest as they may wish recorded for future reference, will receive due attention.

THE GREAT EASTERN MENAGERIE, Museum, Aviary, Circus and Balloon Show is the title that has been given to a consolidation of Haight and Co.'s, Madam Lake's and Geo. W. De Haven's circuses and the late Col. C. T. Ames' menagerie. It is organizing in Cincinnati, O., and will open in the exposition building in that city March 25th, for one week, taking the road immediately after. Rolla says the menagerie will be a very large one, consisting of animals, four-tents, sixty horses, two elephants, a drove of camels and one hundred and twenty men. They will travel by rail, requiring twenty-five cars for transportation. Dan. Carpenter, E. B. J. Miles and Co. are proprietors; Andrew Haight, advance manager; W. W. Durand, general agent; A. B. Scott, advertising agent, and W. Scott, treasurer. Geo. Wade, agent; Wm. Hoyt, circus and menagerie; George W. De Haven is manager; Jacob Haight, treasurer; W. B. Carroll, equestrian director, and Francis S. Koppe, leader

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

THE THEATRICAL OR OTHER Advertisements coming under the head of BUSINESS NOTICES, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.
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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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EVERY EVENING AT 8 AND SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
DAN BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
First time of John F. Poole's burlesque, entitled
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CASSIUS AND MARK ANTONY.....DAN BRYANT
Julius Sneezer.....J. A. Barnes | Brutus.....Neise Seymour
Casca.....W. H. Brockway | Soothsayer.....Dave Reed
Trebonius.....G. W. Rochefeller | Sergt at Arms.J. W. Meadrews
Decius Cimber.....L. Morrissey | Flavis.....W. F. Stanley
Octavius Sneezer...C. D'Alberis | Lepidus.....F. Emerson
CONCLUDING WITH A TERRIFIC HORSE COMBAT.
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MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.
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FOURTH AND LAST WEEK OF
THE ROMANTIC FAIRY SPECTACLE OF
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WITH ITS DELICITOUS SCENES OF GAIETY
AND PICTURESQUE FEATURES.
SIXTY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN
IN A
CHARMING MEDLEY OF SPLENDORS.
THE GRAND PAGEANT OF
CINDERELLA
WILL CONCLUDE A SUPERB EXHIBITION OF
EQUESTRIAN AND ACROBATIC FEATS BY THE MOST
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TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY.
SECOND ANNUAL TOUR.
Commencing at PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 6th. Immense array of Stars, amongst which are
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MANAGERS.....Carroll & McCloskey
Monday evening, March 18th, '72, and during the week, production of the great drama, from the story in the New York Weekly, by Ned Buntline, Esq., entitled
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